

Feed for grazing cattle of the Desert is a complete failure, and many of cattle are dying for feed. All previous years as grass has grown which is food for the roaming stock to the dry season the whole of the country has been dead and thing. A number of well down in the desert and run power to supply the stock and a man in this solution stationed to run the pumps from any house or inhabit the present outlook in that said that one individual will lose 5000 head of cattle

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

Los Angeles Daily Times, the Sunday Times, and the Saturday Times and Weekly Mirror.
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Liberty and Love!
Security to American homes!
Protection to American industries!
Encouragement to American capital!
American commerce and honest money!
A free ballot and a fair count!
Reciprocity and the Old Flag!

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.
For President.....BENJ. HARRISON.
For Vice-President.....WHEATLAND REID.

The Times is for sale at the Occidental Hotel news stand, San Francisco, price 5 cents per copy.

Persons leaving the city for the summer can have THE TIMES forwarded by earliest mail or carrier to any address at the rate of 85 cents per month, Sunday edition included. The address may be changed as desired if care be taken in all cases to mention both old and new address.

The calamity war-whoop: Hurrah for Cannon! the son-of-a-gun!

SLUGGER SULLIVAN cannot box a compass, perhaps, but, crackey! can't he box a man?

Will Spellbinders White and Esteé please quit making faces and begin weaving their spells.

The next campaign to be opened will be Col. Victoria Woodhull's—and it won't require a can-opener, either.

That young woman back East who fell out of a balloon that was some hundreds of feet in the air took a drop too much.

It is that what you call opening a campaign, we are sorry we said anything about it. Please let it slam shut again.

Mr. Messrs. Evans and Sontag will come back, rob another train and put some life into the campaign, all will be forgiven.

There is no call for Adlai to grind up his broadaxe; he can continue to use it for splitting kindling after election just the same as now.

RAINBOW-CHASERS Brice and Harberty are being distanced by "Calamity Jim." He has a Nancy Hanks got into him in the illusive race that is simply great.

The Chicago Herald is trying to find out which of them is the gentle of the twenty-four foot ring—Statesman Sullivan of Massachusetts or Pompadour Jim of "ours."

Mr. PELTZER's wild and woolly Western campaign fund has reached the \$18,000 mark, but the World man is aghast at the way the price of votes is going up. In Indiana the ruling rate is \$4, and the further west Mr. Pultzzer goes the worse it gets, and gloom is getting its work in on the debauchery proposition with considerable momentum.

PERHAPS Editor Medill and de Moers could just as well arrange to have their mill come off at New Orleans during the slogging carnival. They would certainly add much to the interest of the occasion and it would also be a good stroke of business. If the fight is not off it might be well for the principals to think a few things over this suggestion.

MR. BIDWELL has accepted all right, but he and Mr. Weaver seem to be the only people that care to make the race. As between water and calamity we would feel called upon to stay with the gentleman from Chico, but the hope is still entertained that Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland may conclude to write those letters and have another go at each other.

No doubt the cholera is being looked forward to by the calamity criers to help them out of their tight place. The crops have gone back on them by being the best in years, and the locusts having not made their appearance anywhere to speak of, yellow jack or some other pestilence would appear to be a boon of large proportions to the party that grows fat on famine and rides into power over the broken hearts of an unfortunate people.

From the somewhat loose and lurid tariff remarks of Orator Cronin at last night's Democratic meeting, the populace will be prompted to inquire, "Where are you at, Cronin?" When Cleveland was asked about the tariff—this was before he became a sure-enough tariff-reform statesman—he promptly answered, with child-like candor, "I don't know anything about the damned thing." We commend the Distended Prophet's frankness to other Democrats who get jags on and all tangled up in the McKinley William, so that they lose sight of the free list and the neighboring lamp-posts.

Next Wednesday an election to vote upon the issuance of \$396,000 in bonds for the construction of an outfall sewer is to be held. So far as we have heard, there is no general opposition to the measure. It is conceded that the present plan of an outfall is the best that is available for the city, and the urgent necessity of completing the system, so as to dispose of the sewage, is allowed by every progressive citizen. Therefore we hope that the proposition for issuance of bonds will be carried, and we believe there is little or no doubt that it will be. It is best not to take this for granted, however, and every citizen ought to turn out and vote.

SPECIAL CAMPAIGN OFFER.

We offer to send the LOS ANGELES DAILY TIMES for two months, or to the end of the Presidential campaign, together with the NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE for twelve months, to any mail address, both for only TWO DOLLARS, cash in advance. This offer will hold good till September 8. In these two papers you can get the current history of the Presidential campaign, fresh and complete. SUBSCRIBE NOW!

Organization Met by Organization.

The United Typothetae of America is an association of employing printers and publishers of the United States and Canada for social intercourse, cooperation and the general promotion of the art preservative. It includes many of the leading publishers, and its membership is large, with representatives from nearly every principal city in the country. The United Typothetae held its sixth annual session in Toronto, Canada, on the 17th inst., and we note that an important question before the body was union tyranny and strike discipline. The president in his opening address said that the past year had not been marked by anything of an unusual character, excepting the Pittsburgh strike, which began last October, and has not as yet terminated. The history of the strike demonstrates that though the struggle has been severe, and although the business of those who did not yield to the demands of the striking printers has been seriously injured, and there has been great difficulty in obtaining workmen, yet the Typothetae offices are now fully manned and doing three-fourths of all the work done in Pittsburgh today. A great deal has been said about the relations between the members of the association and the strikers. The officers of the Typothetae have been condemned because they did not accept the offers of the Typographical Union, or make overtures to them toward effecting a reconciliation. There is a right and a wrong way of doing everything, and the workmen were wrong not to admit that the employers have rights as well as themselves. Employers have no right to impose upon employers conditions and terms which their business would not allow them to accept. The men have no right to fix the rate of wages for good or for bad, nor attempt to interfere with the details of the management.

The report of the Executive Committee, as the published account of the meetings says, "took the bull by the horns and dealt with the vexed question of labor and capital in a most exhaustive manner." The committee strongly recommended that the question of the rights of labor should be fully tested in the United States courts. It advises that test cases should be placed before the courts of Pennsylvania and fought out if necessary until finally decided by the Supreme Court of the United States.

This would have the effect of settling forever the much-mooted question of the rights of employer and employe, and whether labor organizations would have the right to obstruct and intimidate non-union men in the pursuit of their peaceful vocations. Mr. Wadley, the chairman, said that the employers are determined to fight the matter out, and will never let up until they establish their legal right to employ whom they please.

Thus it appears that there is a large association of employing printers who are determined to oppose the unreasonable exactions of the Typographical Union, and to carry the fight against boycotts and petty persecutions to the court of last resort if necessary. This is what the Times has always urged as the legitimate and reasonable way of meeting the situation—to oppose organization with organization, and thus vindicate American principles. This is a methodical beginning of the reaction which we have predicted against the anarchistic policy inaugurated by the labor unions. There will be many organizations in line with the Typothetae, and when anarchy shall be thoroughly beaten, there will be more peaceful and more satisfactory systems of settling labor troubles.

Stock Operators are Firm.
The last circular of Henry Clews & Co., the New York bankers, gives an interesting diagnosis of the financial pulse of the country. It says: "The stock market exhibits an unusual degree of resisting power. Silver again touched the lowest price on record; serious strikes are in progress on gold exports continue in spite of all predictions to the contrary, and Europe refuses to stop sending back her American securities. This is a list of calamities, which, in ordinary times, probably precipitate a sharp decline in the whole market; while, as a matter of fact, prices have refused to yield to such influences as remainable stubbornness. Values, it is true, are lower than a few months ago, but the decline has been gradual and, judged by ordinary experience, not at all in proportion to circumstances. The question is often asked, 'why does not the market yield?' A good many operators have been convinced that it should decline, and consequently sold stocks. Instead of weakening the market the bears have possibly strengthened it by creating a new and, for the time being, probably the only important buying interest. But the real reason for this resistance to lower prices is deeper seated than that based on a short interest. It is based on the confidence of the big holders of stocks in the future resources of the country and its railroads. Their holdings have been greatly, and per-

haps, unwillingly, augmented by European sales during the last six months; still there is every indication that they are determined to hold them for better prices.

The Question of Waterworks.

The water question is again upon us, and it must be taken up forthwith and discussed upon its merits. Tomorrow the plans of a system of waterworks, to be constructed in part or in whole by the city, as formulated by the City Engineer, will be presented to the Council. Whether it is better to adopt the general plan and begin the construction of headworks and a distributing system for the higher portions of the city (West and East Los Angeles), or whether it is better to take more expedition steps and make arrangements with the City Water Company for a supply of good water to place upon the hills at once, are matters which should be discussed with all their pros and cons. The city is called upon to adopt not only the most judicious step for the present, but also to take a long look ahead. Six years is not too long a time for the city to take in making a good ready for acquiring a complete water system. A beginning in some form may very well be made now, and we ought to have a system that we start off with the right foot for the future. When the City Engineer's plans are fully before the public we shall be able to take up the matter and discuss it in all its bearings.

Meantime it is understood that it is entirely feasible for the city to arrange at once with the City Water Company for a supply of water for the hills, and at a moderate price. This can be done without the delay and expense involved in the construction of a new system of headworks. This needed relief once secured, and the present urgent wants of a long-suffering people supplied, the Council will then be in better position to consider and adopt a comprehensive plan for building or acquiring works for the entire city and for a long reach into the future.

A Grand Jury Called For.

Attention has been called to section 241 of the Code of Civil Procedure, which requires that, in counties of the class of Los Angeles, two grand juries shall be called each year. It is now the last of August and yet no grand jury has been impaneled this year, and if the law is complied with the two bodies will have to meet within the next four months. The point is well taken. It really seems as though the courts have been derelict in their duty. The Times has been periodically calling for the drawing of another grand jury ever since early in January, so the judges cannot make the excuse that they have forgotten this little matter. It would be a good idea to impanel a jury at the earliest practicable date, and we suggest that the Law and Order League, or some other association of public-spirited citizens, carefully watch the method of drawing jurors, to make sure that there is no political manipulation about it. We want a square deal on and from the next grand jury.

In the Second Ward a scandalous state of things exists with respect to the preparation for the Republican primaries. The facts, as developed, are disgraceful and dishonorable to the persons responsible for the audacious machine methods by which it is sought to defeat the will of the respectable Republican majority of that ward. It is not strange that there is an open revolt on the part of honest citizens, nor that they propose to fight and foil the gang. In other columns the story is told with telling detail, and there is more to come.

The straight Republican citizen of the Second Ward, it appears, will have to contend at the primary polls with one dark-hued non-resident troublemaker, one puff of vitiated air on two thin legs, and some other low-grade cattle that belong in the same pen, but who have broken loose and will be found browsing and trespassing in the vicinity of Ord and New High streets on election day. Men and brethren of the Second Ward Republican Reform League! you are able to get away with the whole of them! Will you do it?

STEPHEN M. WHITE, in his speech last night, frankly indicated his willingness to step into the brogans of his plutocratic excellency, Senator Stanford. In the improbable event of a Democratic Legislature being sent up (sent up to Sacramento, we mean), there are a great many thousands of people in California who would acclaim with joy the political advancement of the gallant son of the South, with his commanding ability and his acknowledged power as a popular tribune.

The local Democrats opened their campaign last night, not with a can-opener, but with a loud noise. A trio of orators smote the innocent evening air with the haughty tones of their ready eloquence, and the Republican party was battered as with a large and angry battering-ram—in the mind's eye of the oratorical bruisers who did the battering. Messrs. Cronin, Stephen M. White and R. F. Del Valle were the speakers, and a fair report of the meeting is made by THE TIMES.

PERSONAL MENTION.
The only surviving child of Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat, is said to be living in Poughkeepsie, mother of the Rev. Robert Fulton Gray of that city.

C. H. Emerson of Whitehall, N. J., has invented a new motor power for air ships, "based on the principle of the boomerang." No politician will want to handle it.

Mrs. Hannah Harmon of Brockton, Mass., has lived under every Presidential administration. She was on the day preceding Washington's retirement from office.

It is thought that the widow of Gen. John A. Logan will be chosen president of the Woman's Relief Corps at the meeting in Washington next month. She has consented to the use of her name for this purpose.

J. E. Minor, Assistant Treasurer for the Confederacy as long as it had a treasury, still retains \$500,000 in Confederate notes, and has no other funds to speak of. He is said to have owned 3,000,000 acres of Western lands at one time.

Col. Amos A. Parker of Fitzwilliam, N. H., obtained his diploma from the University of Vermont in 1813. He is the oldest graduate in the country, has been at the bar for seventy-nine years, and in October next will complete his 101st year.

POLITICAL POINTS.

Indiana still remains a "doubtful" State, but the doubt this year is whether the Republican majority will reach 50,000 or more.

Souvenir spoils for political purposes is the latest production of an enterprising New York manufacturer. A soup label would be more appropriate for Mr. Cleveland's political career.

They are calling Don Dickinson "Gen." too. He got his military title in the same service as "Gen." Stevenson got his. The Postoffice Department will have to put down on the war map, "Hon. Don Dickinson."

William S. Holman has been twenty-eight years a Congressman. In that time the country has doubled its population and quadrupled its wealth and commercial importance, but he is the same old dependence.

Mr. Stevenson's defense of his war record and denial of the accusations brought against him under oath, have been merely verbal and informal. He was coming to the front with an affidavit if he can afford it.—[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

Mr. Cleveland's ambition has led him to give the lie to all his professional reform for he has written to Whiskey that, if elected, he will turn over all the Federal patronage to Tammany. The Democratic friends of Mr. Cleveland who, based on his record, are waiting to see if he can keep his word, are not so sure of him.

Col. Stevenson's personal popularity is not questioned. He keeps his mouth shut and goes on his hands and feet, and keeps from pen and tongue the living day. And few persons who have ever encountered him face to face meet him a second time.

The country grows and changes marvelously in four years, and the more so the further back in time we go. It is the least to be expected at this time, because great changes have been effected in the scope and duties of many branches of the service, in the revenue laws and in the relations between this and other powers and the duties involved by new relations with them, and in the broad policy of reconstruction and administration.

Baron Hirsch is 56 years old, and dresses with great simplicity. He dislikes display and lights his pipe of jewelry. Any ordinary \$2 a week clerk could outstep him in personal adornment.

Mr. Gladstone is above suspicion of flirting with Queen Victoria, but it is a little queer that Mrs. Gladstone required him to resign from her every station on the road to Southampton. And he did it, like a dutiful husband.

No man in Europe, it is claimed, has so many orders and decorations as Prince Bismarck, who could not wear them all at once if they were to be attached to him three deep. The order he thinks least of is the one he got from the present Kaiser directing him to resign.

Lord Herschell, the new Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, and incumbent of that office under Gladstone's last administration before this, is not directly descended from the great astronomer who bore that name, but is of the same family. The Herschells are of German origin.

M. Maxime Lecomte is about to introduce a bill into the French Chamber providing a maximum penalty of a year's imprisonment and a fine of \$2000 for engaging in a duel. If the duelist shall have killed his man, the maximum penalty is three years imprisonment and \$10,000 fine.

The sons of Emperor William seem to be kept upon the move almost as much as their father. They have recently made a brief visit to Wilmshagen, after which they went to see the Kaiser at Berlin, and a brief stay at Homburg. Now they are going to England to visit their great-grandfather.

Tennyson has been staying in London and astonishing all his friends by his physical vigor and the buoyancy of his spirits. He has been attending many theatrical performances, and making excursions on foot about the city in company with his son. The poet is said to be as omnivorous as ever in the matter of fiction. He reads almost every novel published that is worth reading.

Yabaley. Do they set pretty appetizing meals at your house? Mudge, Appetizing! Oh, yes. A fellow gets up hungry when he sits down.—[Indianapolis Journal.]

Greene. It is only fair to let a fellow state his own case. I want to know how so? Greene. The confounded bells don't let him get any rest at home.—[New York Herald.]

"If heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage," quoted Miss Wallflower. "How heavenly!" exclaimed Mr. Larimer, who is a confirmed old bachelor.—[Pittsburgh Telegraph.]

Theater-goer. The love scene in your picture of the ballet was as good as the last season. The same people, do it, 1900. Manager. Yes; but the lovers were married a few months ago.—[Tid-Bits.]

"I usually judge a man," said the philosopher, "by the number of his enemies." "Oh, if the most of them roughly abuse him, you can depend on his having considerable individuality."—[Indianapolis Journal.]

Bullfinch. How are Naggadad and his wife getting along together? Wooden. O, I don't know; what makes you ask? Bullfinch. Nothing; only when they get married they had one of those mottoes, "God bless the bride and groom," and now he has it up in his smoking-room with "As far as possible" written underneath it.

"Nonsense," remarked Synnek. "I don't love that make people marry. It's flattery, rank flattery. The man is pleased because the woman took a fancy to so inferior a being as he. He knows himself to be a nobody, and he is tickled vain as a precisely similar reason. In a word, each loves the other for showing poor taste in choosing a mate."—[Boston Transcript.]

BRIEFLY TOLD.
The usual Presidential year hen has put in an appearance. She resides in Bath, Me., and the initials "B. H." are clearly marked on her eggs.

A well-known educator has expressed the opinion that while university extension is an excellent thing, it is dangerous of running it into the ground.

A Malden man has evinced a device for lifting the lid of a street letter box by touching the foot on a treadle at the foot of the post to which the box is attached.

The number of telephone calls received in the United States is 312,407, and the total length of lines is 253,800 miles, or about 10 1/2 times the circumference of the earth.

How do you pronounce Cw? Easily enough, room. Flancenza? Why? Not so easily. Thron-jentah. Thron-jentah. Just thron-jentah. Krazceck! Simply k(e)rah-tchets-kee.

The silver dollars of 1794, 1838, 1839, 1851 and 1852 are worth \$25 each, while that of 1838 is valued at \$15. Silver half dollars of 1796 and 1797 are worth \$25 each.

WOMAN'S WORLD.
Miss Emory of Maine, a student of Bryn Mawr College, has received a European fellowship, which entitles her to a year's study in any European university.

Mrs. Rice-Raymond, director of the Oratorio Society in Lincoln, Neb., is believed to be the first woman in this country to direct an oratorio with orchestra.

believed to be the only female bridge tender in the world.

The third wife of Abram Astrom of Tompkins, N. Y., is a treasure to her husband. They have only been married for fourteen years, yet she has presented him with ten pairs of twins as trifling pledges of her affection.

Princess Marie Theresa of Bavaria, who has a mania for pets, travels throughout the Continent with fourteen animals of one sort or another, including several dogs, two magpies, an enormous rat and a diminutive bear.

A woman bridge tender is a novelty in Chicago. Mrs. David Power, whose husband died and left to her care and support three children, has been given the position at the Adams street bridge formerly held by her husband.

Mrs. Isabel Mallon is judged to be the best paid writer of her sex in this country. Her "Bab" letters are printed in eighty newspapers each week. She is a Baltimore woman, a widow, still young, and her home is now in New York.

CAMPAIGN VERSE.

Like the Poor Boy as a Husk:
"Will you grant me an interview, Senator?" said David B. Hill.
And the Senator graciously nodded his head.
And replied, "Young fellow, I will."

But when the reporter his questions propounded,
That David B. Hill, a dignified way,
Said: "I ain't got nuthin' to say, young fellow."
I ain't got nuthin' to say."
—[Chicago Tribune.]

A Political Possibility.

Away off down in Texas, there is a Mr. Hogg who wants to be the governor again. And under in New England, in sunshine and in bog,
At Buzzard's Bay there is a ready Pen.

What bleak November may effect is not yet understood.
Though much is prophesied by many men,
But it looks as if election would serve a purpose good.
If old drive that Hogg in Cleveland's Fen.
—[Columbus (O.) Dispatch.]

The Republican Alphabet.

A is for Action,
B is for Boom,
C is for cracking
Democrats' doom!
D is for Early,
E is for Fight,
F is for Go it—
Hit 'em just right!
I is for In,
J is for Jim,
Kicker's to kick
'em of them!
L is for Money,
N is for Not,
O is for Out-of-it,
P is for Pot,
Q is for Questions,
R is for Right,
S is for Solid,
T is for Tight,
U is for Union,
V is for Vim
Which we propose
Extending to him!
Y is our yelling,
Z is our zest,
&c. and so on for all the rest.

Tariff Pictures.

The late Mr. Grierson of the Great Western Railway of England collected statistics of the wages of railway labor in the principal countries of Europe. The range of wages in England was from thirty shillings, or \$7.50

down to eighteen shillings, or \$4.50

a week. If the Buffalo switchmen, who get 28 cents an hour, were to get their desired working day of ten hours, even without any advance in wages, they would make \$13.80

in every week of six days.

Taken Red-handed.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]
Whatever may be thought of the original equities in favor of the Tennessee coal miners, in their contest with convict labor their own conduct in opposing themselves to the law of the State and defending their position by force, puts an entirely new aspect on the matter. The miners who resisted the civil authorities, when backed by the citizen soldiers of the State, were clearly guilty of rebellion against the constituted authorities of Tennessee and cannot offer in their own defense the plea that they were dissatisfied with the existing condition of the laws.

The question in Tennessee has reduced itself to a single issue—shall the State be subject to law or shall it not? Armed opposition to the lawful orders of the State and forcible refusal to submit to the officers of the law make open rebellion so far as it goes, and subject those concerned in it to punishment for felony.

It is probable that the miners who have surrendered to the military will be turned over to the civil authorities for trial, and if so there will be a test of the capacity of the people of Tennessee for self-government. When the case of riot and murder comes to be tried there will unquestionably be a strong appeal to trial juries to acquit on the ground that the accused were acting only in defense of their natural rights of life and property.

The way to remedy abuses of a public nature in this country is by ballots; not bullets. It may be conceded that the convict-leasing system which is in vogue in Tennessee is repugnant to the ideas and opinions of the age, but the way to remedy it is by the action of the Legislature, not by armed rebellion. The men who fought the soldiers at Coal Creek are nothing more nor less than murderers, and should be treated as such, in spite of any antecedent causes of complaint they may have.

A Pledge Proposed.
[Sacramento Bee.]
The following is from a Buffalo dispatch of the 19th:
"A delegation of strikers called on the sheriff this morning and remonstrated with him for calling out the troops. They said that if he would send the troops away they would guarantee that no violence would take place."

The trouble is that, if he is to judge the present and the future by the past, the strikers are right. They would rely on the ability of this delegation to control the anarchistic elements that come to the surface on such occasions.

The promise of the conservative men among these strikers that they would restrain the vandalistic following in the ranks would be a very broken reed for a peace officer to rely upon. The official would be scarcely justified in closing his eyes to the dangers which threaten on the promise of a few individuals that they would hold in check those who have no control over their own evil passions.

The labor unions of this country should come to the front, with a pledge taken by their members, in addition to the obligations they already have. That pledge, as the Bee editorially

pointed out on yesterday, should be about as follows:

"That every member pledge himself to never aid, abet, or in any manner enlist himself in a plan for personal violence or the destruction of property; that he will not only not be concerned in it himself, but that he will not countenance it in any other; and that he will expose any member in any manner connected with any plan of violence or vandalism, for expulsion by the union and for punishment by the authorities."

There is absolutely no reason, either of sentiment, of policy, or of justice, why such a pledge should not be incorporated among the obligations taken by every labor unionist in the land. It would be a mighty check, right at the present moment, to the dangerous drifting of striking thousands into anarchy.

Premature Counting of Gallies.
[Chicago Tribune.]

This is the season of the year to expect a rash of campaign foolishness. It is a matter of familiar experience that three or four months before the general election, campaign committees, without any more information than other people, make a point of getting themselves interviewed for the purpose of expressing their "confidence" in the overwhelming victory clearly in sight. They are worse than the professional confidence men. Nothing in the situation from their point of view is doubtful. Their confidence amounts to absolute certainty. There is no public opinion who know what is going on in their own minds and in the minds of their enemies. As in reality they know nothing at all about the results of the election three or four months before the election, they should place no confidence in their vaticinations. It is the silly season of the campaign confidence blowhorn, who thinks his bold assertions will infuse confidence into the minds of others. It is a sort of lying.

The Rights of the Individual.

[Boston Herald.]
"There are certain things that the labor organizations must learn. The first is that they cannot succeed in the absence of the support of public opinion. With this support they may not always succeed, but without it victory is utterly impossible. The next fact to be borne in mind is that public opinion in the United States will never countenance the invasion of personal liberty. With us each individual who has not by his crimes against society brought about his imprisonment is a free man, and as such is not only entitled to the protection of the laws, but also has the right, so long as he breaks no legal statute or ordinance, to employ his physical energies in such manner and under such conditions as he may see fit. Of the \$18,000,000 or 20,000,000 of workers in the United States probably 1,000,000 are definitely affiliated with labor organizations, and even if highly organized, the vast majority of our citizens would so affiliate they would have no right to lawlessly impose their will upon the hundredth man."

A Georgia Farmer, a Democrat for 'way back, after watching an engineer

measuring the amount of water passing through a creek, remarked that it might be all right, but it was not to him "that that thing was unconstitutional." This is the perpetual state of mind in the Democratic party toward every scientific or progressive idea, from a geological survey and a lighthouse to a Columbian exposition.

THE BORDEN MURDER.

Family Skeletons Brought Dragged Out During the Borden Murder Trial.
FALL RIVER (Mass.) Aug. 27.—[By the Associated Press.] Testimony in the Borden murder trial was continued today before an increasing crowd. The only new fact developed beyond the time of Bridget Sullivan's going and coming was that Miss Lizzie Borden was in the upper part of the house near her mother's room, when Mr. Borden returned home and entered. It has been proved beyond question that Borden's home life was not all that would be expected in a family whose debts were paid and whose wealth was more than half a million. Warned-over mutton was frequently served, first now and then. There was a daughter who did not dine with her father and mother, and who thus far has not been shown to have asked about her mother's health after a dangerous sickness. The girls, for the most part, lived in their room, and nothing of their going or coming. All these things are being discussed and commented on as giving strength to the government's suspicions.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

CLOSE OF THE ENCAMPMENT AT KANSAS CITY.
KANSAS CITY, Aug. 27.—[By the Associated Press.] The Uniform Rank of Knights of Pythias broke camp today and just before the final dispersing the divisions that competed for prizes were drawn up on the parade ground and the judges announced the decisions and Gen. Carnahan distributed the prizes. The first prize, \$1500, went to Mystic Division, No. 12, Girard, Kan. Capt. M. W. Russell; the second prize, \$1200, to Galaxy Division, No. 38, Pittsburgh, Kan. Capt. R. E. L. Vanwinkle; the third prize, \$1000, to Erie Division, No. 16, Erie, Kan. Capt. C. C. Fletcher. Numerous other prizes were also awarded, after which the divisions remained in line until retreat was sounded and the flag at headquarters run down, signifying the conclusion of the seventeenth biennial encampment.

A Tennessee Lynching.

NASHVILLE, Aug. 27.—A mob of 350 men visited the jail at Alamo last night and demanded Dennis Blackwell, a negro charged with attempted rape on Miss Cochran. The jailer gave up the prisoner and the mob took him half a mile from jail and lynched him.

California Fruit in England.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—Cable advices from Liverpool say that there is great demand for American fruit. California Bartlett pears are in great demand in England, and the last shipment sold for 14s 6d a box.

TWO GREAT PAPERS.

Republican Literature for the Campaign—Only \$1.00 a Year.
Under a special arrangement with the Los Angeles Times, foremost among national Republican journals—conducted by William Reid—that great paper and the SATURDAY TIMES AND WEEKLY MIRROR (12 pages) will be sent by us to any address in the United States for \$1.50, cash in advance.

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POLITICAL

Formal Campaign Opening by the Democrats.

Speaking on the New Courthouse Steps Last Evening.

Meeting of Republicans to Arrange for Their Opening.

Representatives of the Clubs in the City in Attendance—Disaffection Over the Second Ward Election Officers.

The Democrats last evening opened their campaign in this city in a manner which shows plainly that they are not without hope, even if they are aware of the fact that their voting forces are greatly in the minority.

The meeting was held in front of the new Courthouse, facing on Broadway, and notwithstanding the fact that it had been well advertised, the attendance was not so large as it might have been. This is easily accounted for as this is the first time that a political meeting has been held at this spot, and people who attend such demonstrations become attached to places where they have been in the habit of going for years. The Courthouse steps is a most desirable location for open-air meetings and it is sure to become popular before the campaign is over. The light is good, and the building is so large that the audience and speakers are thoroughly protected and the speakers can be heard a long distance.

George J. Denis, Esq., called the meeting to order at 8:15 o'clock and invited a host of vice-presidents to take seats on chairs that had been placed on the stone steps for their special benefit.

Douglas's band furnished music and played several selections.

On opening the meeting Mr. Denis stated that this is to be a Democratic year on this coast and Mr. Cleveland is to be elected without a doubt.

The chairman announced that Fred Harkness would act as secretary. Mr. Harkness read off the following list of vice-presidents: William Lacey, W. F. Bosbyshell, A. D. Childress, T. B. Brown, George J. Denis, George S. Patton, Louis Polanski, J. B. Shaw, J. B. San Gabriel, John G. Downey, W. H. Brodick, John E. Plater, Dionisio Bottler, John Chanslor, Louis Sentous, C. H. Hance, J. H. Polk, Charles Prager, T. E. Gibson, A. W. Barrett, J. Castro, John J. Matthews, W. H. Workman, Telfair Creighton, Antonio Coroneo, Dr. H. Nadeau, E. P. Magin, J. G. Estadillo, Abbot Kinney, J. W. Winston, A. McNulty, Dr. Barham, William Pritham, F. H. Howard, J. H. Forster, W. R. Burke, Thomas L. Winder, George H. Smith, Dr. Ledoux, A. E. Sepulveda, Frederick Harkness, J. J. Mellus, Jake Kratz, James G. Garrison, Joseph Maier, Louis Levine, F. E. Rowan, Conrad Jacobs, Henry O'Melveny, C. F. Heinemann, Kaspare Cohn, C. F. A. Last, Joseph Kurtz, John Bryson, Eugene Germalin, John Kenaley, John Moriarty, Anson Brunson, Albert M. Stephens.

Mr. Denis then introduced C. F. Cronin as the first speaker of the evening. The gentlemen stated that he had not expected to be called on to open the battle in this city. Today the great fight is opened between the two great national parties, but they are not alone in the contest for a new party has sprung up, and it is in it too. (Cheers for Weaver from all parts of the audience.) But this new party will be ground to powder between the two great parties. The great question at issue between the Democratic and Republican parties is that great question of the tariff. The Republicans have told the same old story and made the same promises over and over, but the people have only been humbugged and the same old promises will be made at every meeting held by the Republicans throughout the land. The party is fighting for its life. It has pretended to be fighting for a revolution, but that mission ended years ago, and now it is simply a boodle party. There is no protection for labor in the Republican party. The party is for the rich man first, last and all the time, and it has no plan for the poor man except for what it can make out of him. The poor are brought here by the thousand and they are taught to vote for the Republican party on the ground that they would not be here had the Republicans not paved the way and given them employment at starvation wages, and when the poor creatures cry for bread for their families they are shot down like dogs by this great party. The party that has absorbed their youth and strength through them off as soon as it is through with them. They are nothing but slaves and will be as long as they remain with the Republican party.

The speaker then told several good stories that seemed to take with the audience, and retired amid rounds of applause.

ROX. STEPHEN M. WHITE.

As soon as the speaker took his seat, there were loud calls for Hon. Stephen M. White, and he was introduced by Mr. White as at his best and made an eloquent address. His voice could not have been in a better condition and every word from his lips reached the most distant members of the audience.

He stated that this is a day of triumph for the Democratic party. The people have been awakened to the importance of a change in the administration of the affairs of this great country. The poor and the rich have been educated from one end of the country to the other, and the high and the low are able to grapple with the live issues of the day. The people as a whole are in favor of equal laws that will deal fairly with all, and they are now prepared to believe that they can only attain this state of affairs through the Democratic party. Grover Cleveland not only understands the needs of the people, but he has the courage and manhood to carry out his views. He looked to the future during his administration and he took a stand on tariff matters that has stood the test of time, but they have learned that he was on the right track and they now understand that he is the true friend of the poor man.

Mr. White spent considerable time in the discussion of the tariff question, and apparently convinced his hearers, or a number of them, that from his standpoint, at least, the Republican party is not sound on this question by any manner of means. He showed how large fortunes have been built up, as he claimed, through the agency of the Republican party, and the ruination of thousands of laboring people. Democrats and all true Americans, he said, are opposed to the concentration of wealth. The centralization of great fortunes is dangerous, and will eventu-

ally demoralize the whole country. Production alone is no sign of prosperity, unless there is a general distribution of wealth.

The speaker evidently firmly believed that the people can get along with a little less tariff, and so expressed himself. Such men as the prince of the Homestead iron works, he said, should be satisfied with one or two foreign

The speaker then went on to show, from a Democratic standpoint, that the farmer is not benefited by what is termed the so-called protective tariff. The farmer, including all other people who work for a living, are robbed for the benefit of a few, and that few may be classed among such men as Carnegie. There is a protective tariff on wheat and yet every man knows that wheat is not brought to this country, hence a wheat protective tariff is not needed, and it is the same regarding almost all of the products of the United States. There is no competition and this protective tariff is a gigantic humbug.

As long as the whole wealth of the country is peopled in the laps of a few there can be no prosperity. The poor laborer cannot accumulate a bank account, and his master will keep him in slavery all the balance of his days.

Instead of reducing the price of articles enumerated in the McKinley Bill, the prices have advanced and the people have not been benefited. The consumers are the sufferers from this legislation while the Homestead princes are the only class who are benefited by protective tariff.

The people are told that the law of supply and demand regulates everything, when this country is as densely populated as the old countries of Europe this country will be in even a worse condition than are those countries today. It is against this legislation that Grover Cleveland and the Democratic party are arrayed today.

In speaking of the outlook in this State, he stated that it is a shame that the State is represented in the Senate by an incompetent millionaire. He boldly stated that there should be a representative elected directly by the people of Southern California in the Senate of the United States. He stated that he is anxious to occupy that seat, and when he occupied his remarks he was greeted with round after round of applause. He stated that he has been challenged to debate the great questions of the tariff with Hon. M. E. Eaton and said that he is ready to do so at any time.

HON. R. F. DEL VALLE.

The last speaker of the evening was Hon. R. F. del Valle, who was introduced by the chair in most flattering terms and made a short but telling speech. He spoke more particularly to the young men and showed them that Mr. Cleveland has mapped out a course for them to pursue, and if they carry out his ideas they will save the Nation from ruin. The great strikes that have caused the whole country to shudder were caused by the alleged protective system imposed on the people by the Republican party.

The American people are realizing today that the principles advocated by Grover Cleveland must be carried out. The time is past when passion and prejudice will control the affairs of this country.

Mr. Del Valle was generously applauded at the conclusion of his remarks, after which the audience dispersed.

THE REPUBLICANS.

A joint meeting of representatives of the various Republican clubs, Congressional and County Executive Committees was held at the headquarters of the County Committee in the California Bank Building last evening for the purpose of making arrangements for the formal opening of the campaign on Saturday evening next.

W. F. P. Parker presided over the meeting and G. W. M. Reed officiated as secretary. The clubs represented were the Young Business Men's, Spanish-American, First Voters, Lincoln Union League, and those of each ward. A rough count of the numerical strength of these organizations was taken, with the result that a total turnout of about 800 was assured.

Upon motion of George Arnold the chair was directed to appoint a committee to be requested to extend an invitation to the various clubs to meet at the old Courthouse on Saturday evening next at 7:30 o'clock for the purpose of escorting the speakers appointed by the State Committee, namely: Messrs. Lindley, Carpenter, Gage and Williams, to the place of meeting.

In response to a question the chairman stated that there would not be any parade as the program was a lengthy one, and it was desirable to get down to business as early as possible.

Upon motion of F. R. Willis the chairman was directed to appoint a marshal to assume control of the escort, to whom each of the clubs represented should furnish an aide; and E. W. Kinsey was duly appointed as such marshal.

Upon motion of George Arnold the secretary of the County Central Committee was appointed as a committee to engage a suitable hall for the occasion, and to arrange for the necessary music.

Upon motion of J. J. Gosper the chairman was empowered to appoint an Executive Committee of ten for the purpose of making all necessary arrangements, with full power to act, and this motion was carried. As business before the meeting an adjournment was made.

SECOND WARD PRIMARIES.

Disaffection Over the Election Officers and the Voting Place.

There is great dissatisfaction among the Republican of the Second Ward over the action of the County Central Committee in the matter of the selection of judges and the voting place for the coming primaries, and it is freely asserted that if the injustice is not righted the Republican ticket will be jeopardized, so great is the feeling that has been aroused. It is charged that the action of the committee is a deliberate attempt to renege the disgraceful scene which occurred at the last Congressional primaries, and if the programme is carried out on the lines as shown by the surface indications, the independent and respectable Republican of the Second Ward will throw their party ticket to the winds and hundreds of votes that could have been saved will be found on the other side of the house.

When the County Committee met at Lincoln Club rooms a week ago last Saturday, a representative delegation of the best element of the Republican party of the Second Ward were in attendance. They went there to plead for an honorable representation on the board of judges at the Second Ward polling place. The name of W. D. Fosmire, a highly respected citizen and owner of the Fosmire Iron Works, was handed in as a judge. The committee-men from the Second Ward refused to place Mr. Fosmire's name on the list, when the matter was partially compro-

mised by placing the name of Mr. Clark on the list, the names finally agreed upon being Vickery, McCall and Clark. The committee withdrew, satisfied with the appointment of Clark, he being reputed to be a man of respectability and above suspicion.

One week ago it was rumored that the Central Committee did not intend to stand by its promise of the day before, Clark's name would be taken down and a machine judge placed on the list in his place. On last Monday another delegation of respectable Republicans of the Second Ward called on the Executive Committee of the County Central Committee.

The visiting delegation from the Second Ward asked the committee to stand by its appointment of Clark as judge, and to withdraw the name of McCall, who was objectionable.

After the representative Republicans of the Second had withdrawn, the Executive Committee settled the matter, but how the outside world did not know until yesterday. The simple and honest request of the respectable Republican element of the Second Ward had been denied. The selection of Clark as judge was rescinded, and a party named Reese was appointed in his place, and the request to withdraw McCall was denied.

When the call for the primary was made known yesterday bitter denunciations were made against the action of the Second Ward. The refusal to allow an honest and square appointment of judge, was cast in the shade when it was discovered that the Executive Committee of the Republican County Central Committee had selected as a polling place the very heart of prostitution and low grogeries of the ward.

The call stipulates that the polling place shall be the corner of Ord and High streets. For years ago this locality has been a disgrace to the city. It is the home of the depraved, fallen women, pimps and habitues of slums. A more disgraceful place in the ward could not have been found or selected, and those who are responsible for such a depraved step dare not rise to explain.

A visit to the locality is sufficient to disgust even the projectors of the plot. The northeast corner is a saloon called the "Wolf." It is known as a tough place, both upstairs and down. On the southeast corner is a vacant wooden structure standing up off the street, and up to a short time ago it has always been a house of prostitution. All around it are other places designated as "cribs." On the northwest corner is an adobe rookery, formerly used as a dead fall of the lowest type. The building is a low, miserable affair, with tottering porch and walls. The doors and windows are all open, and on the inside a horse would refuse to stand unless chained. On the opposite or southwest corner is another adobe building, formerly occupied by a saloon, but now used as a bathhouse.

Within a radius of two blocks of the so-called polling place are nine saloons and a number of houses of prostitution.

Resides being in the slums it is on the extreme eastern border line of the ward and but a short distance from the northern line, and all Republicans in the western and southern portion of the ward are of the opinion that following is a diagram of the locality of the voting place:

In talking about the matter last evening a well-known Republican said: "The action of the Executive Committee savors of a deep-laid scheme, for the reason that such places are the ground floors of the Murietta Hotel, the old University building, and a score of vacant rooms and stores in a more central part of the ward could have been selected."

"With the voting place at the corner of Ord and New High streets the disgraceful repeating and corrupt manipulation of the ward can be handled by the ward strikers."

"The better class of Republicans of the ward are going to have a polling place of their own. Judges will be selected, and on the floor of the convention the delegates will ask for justice."

"It is asserted that Mr. McCall, the judge selected on the Second Ward board is a late importation. By profession it is alleged that he is a traveling negro minstrel. His name has never been on any great register of the country, and it does not appear in the directory; just issued. He is unknown in the Second Ward."

From this it will be seen that the Republicans are thoroughly aroused, and future developments will be awaited with interest.

REPUBLICAN CLUBS.

Meetings of the Sixth Ward and Young Business Men's Clubs.

The Young Business Men's Republican Club held an enthusiastic meeting at their rooms in the California Bank building last evening, at which arrangements were perfected for the coming campaign. As business before the meeting an adjournment was made.

THE STATE SENATE.

Capt. John Cross Has Announced Himself as a Candidate.

I have my home, asking me to stand for the Senate. I will now say that I have concluded to become a candidate for the nomination. Should I receive the nomination and be elected I will do my utmost to advance the interests of the district and of the entire city; particularly will I have regard for the interests of the people. The next General Assembly should be a business legislature; and in case of my election to the State Senate my best efforts shall be devoted toward elevating the law-making body to a position of high esteem and honor, which will be of value to the people."

Capt. Cross is a veteran, a man of means and a business man of large experience.

THAT JOINT DEBATE.

Mr. White and Mr. Eaton Unable to Agree as to Terms.

Chairman Meyers of the Republican State Central Committee has forwarded to Max Popper, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, the following reply to Stephen M. White's proposition to discuss all the issues of the campaign with M. E. Eaton, instead of the tariff issue alone:

As Mr. White declines to meet Mr. Eaton in joint debate on the terms proposed in my former communication, there is nothing left for us to do but accept his declaration. Still I would again remind you that the people are especially desirous of instruction on the tariff question, and it is the opinion of this committee that its proper discussion before an audience will require an entire evening. In these proposed meetings it is not practicable. In order that the public may have an opportunity to hear a fair and impartial discussion of the tariff, the Executive Committee, renew the proposal for a joint debate on the tariff question, in the month of September, with Mr. Eaton as the representative of the Republicans, as made in my communication of the 5th inst., and extend its terms so as to include any leading representative member of the Democratic party.

Mr. White states that he is ready to meet any representative Republican on the lines proposed by him, viz., a general discussion of the tariff.

THE CALIFORNIA ILLUSTRATED.

Success of the First Year of the New Magazine.

An interesting sight can be seen daily at the printing office of the Californian Illustrated Magazine at No. 411 Market street, San Francisco, where the magazine is being printed on the largest sheet of enameled paper ever used west of New York. The dimensions of the sheet are 89x54 feet, and it takes two forms, each impression, or thirty-two pages of the Monthly, thus enabling the running off of a large edition in a short time.

So remarkable has been the success of the Californian that it is now arranging for the establishment of agencies in all the large cities of the East, where it is proposed to push the magazine into direct competition with the great Eastern periodicals. In talking about the magazine Prof. Holder, the editor, said: "The Californian is about concluding its first year, and I am glad to say that the experiment of establishing a magazine as large as Scribner's or the Cosmopolitan on the Pacific Coast, is a complete and unqualified success. At a recent meeting of the directors a showing was made that astonished me. I found that the magazine was increasing its circulation in the East as fast as it was in the West, without any solicitation on our part, and its home subscription list was growing almost as fast. The policy of the magazine will be to improve with each issue. In brief, we are going to give the people of the West a country magazine which will be a credit to the wealth and intelligence and culture which find place on this Coast."

Among the interesting plans of the magazine is a World's Fair edition, which will be run off at the great Chicago fair, where the people will be shown what California can do in the way of an illustrated magazine.

Cared No More for Nig.

One of the pet subjects of Nig is a small, black dog known as Nig. It is equally true to say that Nig knows everybody. He is at home anywhere between the railway station and the sawmill. To ask who owns him would be to provoke a smile from every resident, minister and schoolboy alike. The dog belongs to the town.

Nig has never been accused of more than one weakness. The stain on his forehead of a peculiar character was his passion for candy, of which no spoiled child could eat more. His many admirers kept him well supplied, but never satisfied. As often as he dared he called on his favorite scavenger, as down before the garbage counter and "begged" until the man tossed him a generous treat.

While Nig's weakness was at its strongest, two young villagers began the mania of kind of man candy. Frequently they fed him until he had too much, but he never had enough.

On one disastrous day, when Nig was present, the young men spoiled a batch of candy. It was a big batch, and instead of "snappy," and they could not cut it. While they discussed the question of remedying one of them thoughtlessly threw a loose handful of the stuff to the expectant dog.

Nig caught it in his mouth and set his jaws upon it. Then he undertook to chew, but his teeth were fixed. He looked puzzled and anxious, as he tried again with the same result. He was unable to get the candy out of his mouth.

That failing, he laid his head on the floor between his forepaws and tried to lift himself free. That was a hopeless effort also. Finally the young men came to the rescue, for Nig was so relieved of his mouthful. He thanked them as well as he could and trotted away with a shameless, disconsolate look on his face. But neither he nor they will have to dread a second incident of this kind, for Nig has never touched candy since.—Youth's Companion.

The Buttercup.

In the eastern states there are some twenty species of buttercup found in different places, but few would know what a buttercup was, or appreciate the poetry and sentiment which surrounds the famous flower, but for two foreign species which have made their home in this country.

yet nearly starve. They have to carefully throw their tongue around the buttercup plants for the few blades of grass which try to hold their own in the dorsal warfare. In the pasture where this buttercup is so thick the eye of the cow can be but a poor guide in selecting the herbage, and I have often wondered how the tongue reaches such a degree of sensitiveness that the desired herbage can be selected and the undesirable rejected.—Thomas Meahan in Philadelphia Ledger.

Mothers' Affection.

Do mothers favor their sons because of some instinctive influence which makes them feel prouder of a boy than of a girl? Because a "boy is father of the man" and with all the possibilities of power and position before him, and which are closed to girls? Or are mothers actuated by a natural law, and lean toward their sons as women lean toward men—the weaker to the stronger?

Mothers, as a rule, aid and abet their daughters in getting married, but often hear with regret of the engagement of their sons to other women. However, girls are somewhat compensated by the partiality their fathers show them. If the "western parents" have a soft spot in their heart, seldom can it resist the coaxing and wheedling way so natural to girls when desirous for him to part with an extra hair crown or to give them a treat at the theater or elsewhere.

Perhaps it is but fair that, as mothers favor their sons, fathers should favor their daughters. But the attention girls miss before marriage is repaid sevenfold afterward. For, whereas a man's mother usually leaves him and his home severely alone, and is quite diffident when visiting him, his mother-in-law's concern for her daughter's welfare exhibits itself in a multitude of ways.—London Tit-Bits.

Worth Money.

Mr. Binks—The paper says Albert Bierstadt got \$50,000 for his painting, "The Last of the Buffaloes."

Mr. Binks—Yes, Buffaloes is becoming so scarce that even a picture of one is worth money.—New York Weekly.

Varied the Style.

"I remember that once I walked twenty miles to whip a fellow."

"Jerusalem! And walked back, too, I suppose?"

"Not they carried me."—Chicago News-Record.

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treat

ment, a specific for Brachia, Diphtheria, Neuritis, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of Brain, causing insanity, misery, decay, death, Premature old age, Barrenness, Impotence, in either sex, Impotency, Leucorrhoea, and all female weaknesses, involuntary Losses, Spermatocystitis caused by over-excitation of brain, Self-abuse, over-indulgence, A man's weakness, for by mail, you guarantee six bottles to cure. Each order for six boxes with \$1.00 sent written guarantee to refund if not cured. BOTTLES ISSUED ONLY BY H. M. SALE & SONS, druggists, sole agents, 820 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

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FREE CURE!

I was quickly and permanently cured of nearly complete impotency, Varicocele, and small warts, and shrunken organs, caused by excessive masturbation. I have been fully restored through this remedy. I will mail the recipe of this self-cure (sealed) especially to all who desire it. Address with stamp, DAVID B. EMMET, Topeka, Kansas.

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DR. WOHO,

The Eminent Chinese Physician.



Dr. Woho's life work has been from early youth one of persistent and untiring observation, study and investigation, as fully as lay in his power to perfect himself in all branches of the art of healing human sickness and disease. Born in China, of influential parents, of a family whose ancestors have been for generations deservedly renowned as leading physicians. Dr. Woho naturally followed in the footsteps of his fathers. In China he has practiced his profession for several years, being at one time a physician at the Imperial Hospital, and in America for a long time. His great number of patients, his wonderful and many cures, and the great list of letters from grateful and thankful patrons now prove him to be a remarkable and successful healer of sickness and all diseases.

For a long time I have been suffering with bladder and kidney troubles. No doctoring or medicines seemed to do me good. I consulted the best physicians and surgeons in Los Angeles city. They gave me morphine and drugs, but no relief could I obtain. A few suffering great pain and having my passage almost entirely clogged, I, four months ago, began using Dr. Woho's medicines. Today I am perfectly well. I do consider Dr. Woho the most successful physician in Southern California. S. B. SIMPSON, 316 and 318 S. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal. October 15, 1891.

I have tried many doctors for heart disease, but have derived no benefit until Dr. Woho, the Chinese physician, of Los Angeles city, prescribed for me. Two months ago I began his treatment, and can now certify that he has done me great good, began using Dr. Woho's medicines. I am perfectly well. I do consider Dr. Woho the most successful physician in Southern California. MISS GRACE M. FIELD, San Bernardino, Cal. Oct. 30, 1891.

Dr. Woho has hundreds of similar testimonials out space alone prevents further publication of them here. Dr. Woho is the oldest and best-known Chinese Physician in Southern California. His many cures have been remarkable, involving Female Troubles, Tumors and every form of disease. All communications will be regarded as strictly confidential. Free consultation and all ailments are cordially invited to call on Dr. Woho at his office.

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NO. 2 MARKET STREET. Piano



NEWS AND BUSINESS.

The Weather.

U. S. WEATHER OFFICE, LOS ANGELES, AUG. 27, 1892.—At 5 a. m. the barometer registered 29.95; at 5 p. m. 29.86. Thermometer for corresponding hours showed 60° and 68°. Maximum temperature, 77°. Minimum temperature, 50°. Character of weather, partly cloudy.

Every home, to have comfort, should have a few pictures on the walls. There can be obtained at Sanborn, Wall & Co.'s, endless variety and at all prices. Aside from their large stock of framed pictures, they carry a complete stock of etchings, engravings and facsimiles by the best artists. They also carry a complete line of moulding, and the greatest care is exercised in selecting suitable frames for all classes of pictures. Their stock is complete in the following styles: Gold, silver, white, gold, ivory, and all kinds of hard woods. Sanborn, Wall & Co., No. 133 South Spring street.

There will be a free sacred concert this evening at Simpson Church on Hope street, near Seventh. The soloists are Mrs. F. P. Scarborough, Miss Grace Millmore, Miss Lizzie Kimball, Mrs. Carlisle, Miss Maud Cullen, Messrs. Duppy and Wallace of the Euterpean quartette, and others, assisted by a strong chorus. The instrumental part of the programme has been carefully prepared and is a feature of the concert. A collection will be taken for the benefit of the choir fund.

Thirty head of beautiful Shetland and Scotch ponies will be offered for sale at auction next Monday, August 28, at the O. K. stables on Main, between Second and Third streets. These ponies are all imported from the best stock. Purchasers will find a variety of colors, ages and size to select from, also handsome matched pairs can be secured. Ladies are especially invited, as seats will be provided for them. Sale to commence at 10 a. m., sharp. Mr. E. McAfee, auctioneer.

Smart's music store, No. 229 South Spring street, offers some advantages to buyers not common in Los Angeles. The stock of instruments, musical merchandise and sheet music, besides being complete in all departments, is entirely new—nothing self-worn or out of date. The old stock was disposed of at a lamp here, and the new store was opened. Smart's is headquarters for the matchless Emerson and Sterling pianos; also for 10-cent sheet music.

Los Angeles has two new citizens, Dr. R. F. Burgess of Santa Ana and J. J. Hummel of Orange. These gentlemen have formed a partnership with Petty & Hummel, the employment agency. The new firm, under the name of Petty, Hummel & Co., have purchased the business of Martin & Co., and thus now practice here, controlling the employment business of Southern California.

Five dollars for the round trip to San Diego Saturday and Sunday, tickets good returning Monday; \$2 for the round trip circuit of the Kite-shaped Track on Sunday. Trains leave the Santa Fe depot, foot of First street, for San Diego at 8:15 a. m. and 3:05 p. m., for the circuit of the Kite at 8:30 and 11 o'clock a. m.

Call and see our sets of teeth on celluloid, gold trimmings. Made by Dr. Charles A. White, the celebrated Philadelphia dentist, who has patented his process. Painless extracting by his famous anesthetic, Spring street, between Third and Fourth streets, opposite Hotel Ramona. Photo on cards.

The following are the Sunday trains on the Terminal railway to the seaside resorts: Leave Los Angeles 8:05, 9:05, 11:10 a. m.; 12:45, 2:45 and 3:30 p. m. Leave San Pedro (Terminal Island) 7:35, 9:15, 11:15 a. m.; 12:45, 2:45, 3:30 p. m. Fare only 50 cents round trip.

Both the electric and the cable cars now run through from Westlake Park to the First street station of the Southern California Railway (Santa Fe Route). One cent fare enables patrons from all connections and cable car lines to reach the Santa Fe depot.

Ten million dollars is a large sum. It only costs four bits for the round trip to Redondo or Santa Monica, via the Southern California Railway, Santa Fe route, on Saturday or Sunday, tickets good for return on Monday. See time table for extra Sunday trains.

Those desiring to furnish board and rooms, or rooms only, to Normal School pupils for the school year beginning September 8, 1892, are requested to notify the preceptress at the Normal building, Tuesday afternoon, August 30, from 1 to 5 p. m.

Wm. Son's music store, No. 227 South Spring street, headquarters for musical instruments, sheet music, music-boxes, etc. Standard and White sewing-machines. Williamson Bros., No. 327 South Spring street. Don't forget the address.

Remember the Sunday excursion to Catalina gives you over five hours on the island. Train leaves Santa Fe depot, foot of First street at 9 a. m., returning, reaching Los Angeles at 10:45 p. m. Round trip \$2.50, tickets good return Tuesday.

Strain's Camp, Wilson's Peak. Accommodations first-class. Take Santa Fe train to Santa Anita (Sierra Madre). Bus meets all trains for foot of hill, where the excursion mules can be had. A. G. Strain, proprietor, Sierra Madre postoffice.

John H. Neigen, late of Gordon Bros., will open his men's tailoring establishment at No. 110 North Spring street, on Saturday, September 3. Mr. Neigen opens with a new line of the latest styles for fall and winter wear.

Ladies, Mrs. Bennett, modiste, late of Chicago, has opened parlors at No. 107 North Spring street, suite No. 26, Schumacher block, where she is prepared to do fashionable work at reasonable prices.

Los Angeles to Long Beach and return 50 cents, and San Pedro and return 50 cents, on the Los Angeles Terminal Railway, good Saturday or Sunday and returning Saturday Sunday and Monday.

First Baptist Church, corner Sixth and Broadway. Rev. J. H. Collins, pastor. The Third Congregational Church will preach at 11 a. m. Sunday-school at 9:30. Young people's meeting at 9:30 p. m.

Today there will be half rates to all local points on the Southern Pacific, whose time table will be found in this paper. All of the street car passengers for the Southern Pacific depot.

Rev. A. C. Smith, of the Temple Street Church, will preach at 11 a. m. upon "The Holy Spirit," at 7:45 p. m. lecture on "The Christian Endeavor Movement." All endeavors invited.

An announcement of classes in Christian Science to be taught by E. P. Mason, pastor of the First Church of Christ (Scientist) of Brooklyn appears in advertising columns.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

RAILROAD AFFAIRS.

Southern Pacific Telegraphers are Preparing Demands.

There Will Be No Hurry About Reducing Freight Rates.

The Cut in Passenger Rates Here and Up North.

A Low Rate for the State Fair—Some Stories About a Man and a Pass—Legal and General Railroad Notes.

The San Francisco Examiner of Friday prints these little pass stories in its Oakland column: "Mr. Burnham has had a little experience with railroad passes, and he is the one man living who accepted a pass and subsequently paid the railroad company for his transportation."

In 1889 Mr. Stanford gave him a pass to Ogden, and return, and this pass Mr. Burnham used for part of his transportation to Washington and back to California. His trip was for the Government, and some time after his return the Government paid his expenses. He went immediately to Mr. Stanford and handed him \$100 to pay for the transportation to Ogden and return. That is like finding \$100, said Mr. Stanford as he took the money. Mr. Burnham had another experience with a railroad pass. He procured, some four years ago from Mr. Crocker, a pass to Virginia City for a poor man named Benham. As far as Sacramento, Mr. Benham traveled on that pass and in that city he fell dead. The pass, which was found in his possession, was returned to Mr. Crocker."

SCAP HEAR.

The Southern Pacific pay car is due to arrive from the North today.

W. H. Greer, of the Southern Pacific, is here from the North visiting his mother.

The Southern Pacific will soon build a number of new refrigerator cars at the Sacramento shops.

Judge E. J. Eatess, attorney for the Baltimore and Ohio road at Cleveland, O., is visiting Los Angeles.

A special train of twenty cars of ice from Truckee arrived in Los Angeles over the Southern Pacific yesterday afternoon.

The Southern Pacific Company will soon replace the two wooden bridges over Tehachapi Creek with substantial iron structures, each 250 feet in length.

Charles E. Gillon, for a time a popular conductor on the Main Street and Agricultural Park Railroad, has been given a position in the office of W. J. Broderick, president of the road.

The passenger agents in San Francisco are said to be given out of \$100 on tickets to the East. Los Angeles agents might, possibly, do almost as well if there were any travelers to practice upon.

By the action of the Transcontinental Association in New York the Southern Pacific Company is given more time to prepare for cutting the rates. In the meantime the shippers who are holding back their freight until the low rates go into effect may possibly lose a market.

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HO, FOR CATALINA!

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THE BUSY BE.

WEAR THE BURT & PACKARD



We are Sole Agents For this Celebrated Line of Shoes.

They are the most durable shoes on earth!

We are still everlastingly at it, grinding out great big trade-stirring, money-making

BARGAINS!

INFANTS' KID BUTTON SHOES—35c Just the thing for every day.

CHILDREN'S PATENT TIP—Spring-heel, dongola kid button shoes, \$1.00 A genuine money-saver.

MISSIE'S DONGOLA KID—Spring heel, patent tip button shoes, \$1.25 A day's wear.

WOMEN'S DONGOLA KID—Button shoes, \$1.50 No other house can touch them.

WOMEN'S DONGOLA KID—Patent tip button shoes, \$2.00 Cheap at \$3.00

WOMEN'S SERGE CONGRESS SHOES—95c You have always paid \$1.50 for the same shoe.

WOMEN'S SERGE HOUSE SLIPPERS—50c Worth a dollar

Ladies' Oxfords: Overstocked and overcrowded—the prices cut and slashed beyond recognition. Oxfords at \$1.50; solid and durable. Oxfords at \$1.25; patent tip, real beauties. Oxfords at \$1.00; stylish and pretty. Cloth top patent tip Oxfords, \$2.00; worth \$3.00; airy, light, durable, stylish, the greatest value ever given by any house in the world.

Ladies' genuine French Kid, hand-turned patent tip button shoes, \$4.00; worth \$6.00.

Our Men's Department.

Every shoe in this department is warranted to wear or a new pair will be given in place of the old ones.

Men's Calf Congress or Lace Shoes, \$2.50. "Warranted by the Busy Bee." Men's Glace Calf Shoes, all the leading styles, \$3.00. "Warranted by the Busy Bee." Men's hand-sewed French Calf Shoes, \$3.00, worth \$4.00. "Warranted by the Busy Bee." Men's Calf Congress or Lace Shoes, \$2.50, worth \$3.00. Men's Plow Buckle Shoes, full stock, \$1.50 a pair.

For sale in Los Angeles, Cal., by—

GODFREY & MOORE, Druggists, 108 S. Spring St.

TRY "SEAL ROCK"

Largest and Best! For Sale by All Grocers!

MANHOOD RESTORED

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Timely Throwaways!

To be busy at expense of profit is preferable

To full prices at expense of business!

This is Our Week!

—OF—

Throwaways

Every price lost sight of, every article at throwaway rates. We must be busy at any cost, and to that end we give an unparalleled list of

Throwaway Prices.

Dress Gingham—Marked in stock, 15c.....throwaway price, 8½c

Silk Initial Handkerchiefs—Value, 50c.....throwaway price, 25c

Ladies' 40-gauge Hair-line Hose—Value, 35c.....throwaway price, 20c

Linen Damask Towels—Value, 25c.....throwaway price, 15c

Japanese Fire Screens—In stock, 85c.....throwaway price, 25c

Ladies' fine Cloth Jackets—In stock, \$6.00.....throwaway price, \$3.00

Silk-mixed Ladies' Vests—In stock, 60c.....throwaway price, 25c

Fast Black Satene Skirts—Value, \$2.00.....throwaway price, \$1.25

Child's Fast Black Hose—Value, 15c.....throwaway price, 8½c

Ladies' Maelin Gowns—Value, \$1.75.....throwaway price, \$1.00

Zephyr Swagman Flannelette—Value, 15c.....throwaway price, 10c

Check Nainsook, fine grade—Value, 20c.....throwaway price, 10c

Half-wool Chailies, to close—Value, 25c.....throwaway price, 12½c

Ladies' Norfolk Waists—Value, \$1.00.....throwaway price, 50c

Bedford Cord Printed Suiting—In stock, 12½c.....throwaway price, 6½c

Ladies' Fast Black Hose—In stock, 18c.....throwaway price, 12½c

Genuine Foster Kid Gloves, 5-hook—In stock, \$1.25.....throwaway price, \$1.00

Pears' Unscented Soap—In stock, 20c.....throwaway price, 12½c

Twilled Kitchen Crash—In stock, 8½c.....throwaway price, 5c

Lace Curtains, 3-1-2 yards long—In stock, \$2.50.....throwaway price, \$1.25

Pillow Shams, cream color—In stock, 50c.....throwaway price, 25c

White Angora Rugs—Value, \$3.00.....throwaway price, \$2.00

Child's Fine Sunbonnets—Value, 50c.....throwaway price, 25c

Child's Corded Corset Waists—Value, 40c.....throwaway price, 20c

Black Satin Parasols, lined—Value, \$2.50.....throwaway price, \$1.00

Men's Striped Underwear—Value, 75c.....throwaway price, 49c

Men's Outing Shirts—Value, 98c.....throwaway price, 58c

Men's Black Satene Shirts—Value, \$1.75.....throwaway price, \$1.25

Men's Puff Bosom Shirts—Value, \$1.25.....throwaway price, 75c

Men's Fancy Bosom Shirts—Value, \$1.50.....throwaway price, \$1.00

Men's Embroidered Nightgowns—Value, 60c.....throwaway price, 49c

Men's Serviceable Half Hose—Value, 25c.....throwaway price, 15c

Men's Silk Tock Scarfs—Value, 25c.....throwaway price, 10c

Men's Silk-embroidered Suspenders—Value, 40c.....throwaway price, 25c

Men's Calfskin Gloves—Value, \$1.25.....throwaway price, \$1.00

THROWAWAY IN HATS.

EVERY GENTS' STRAW HAT IN THE HOUSE

49!—49!

Boys' Straw Hats that were 50c.....now 25c

Boys' Straw Hats that were 25c.....now 10c

THROWAWAY IN SHOES.

Ladies' French Kid hand-turned Lace Shoes.....Value, \$4.00

Throwaway price, \$2.75

Ladies' fine Dongola Button Shoes.....Value, \$8.00

ELEVENTH YEAR.

BABIES, 14,000.

The Biggest Baby Farm in the World.

Frank Carpenter Finds It in the Heart of Russia.

How the Great Moscow Foundling Asylum is Managed.

And How it Has Nursed More Than a Million of Infants—An Institution Which is Kept Up by the Czar.

Special Correspondence of The Times.

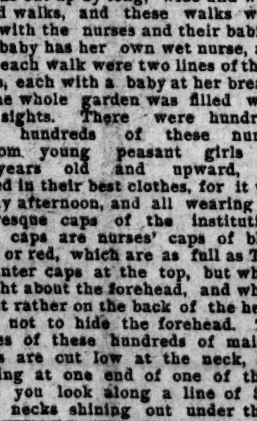
Moscow (Russia), Aug. 7, 1892.—The biggest baby farm in the world is here at Moscow. It costs \$500,000 a year to run it, and it has an annual crop of 14,000 babies. It has a branch farm at St. Petersburg, which turns out a yearly harvest of 4000 more, and since its foundation it has sent out into the country districts of this empire more than 2,000,000 squalling infants. I saw last week 800 babies under four weeks old in the St. Petersburg institution, and as I write this letter 1800 little ones are sucking out their evening meal within the walls of the establishment here at Moscow. The Moscow



A village cradle.

foundling asylum is an imperial institution. It was founded by Catherine II, one of the loosest and the liveliest of the empresses of Russia's past, and it is kept up today by a tax on playing cards. All of the cards used in Russia are made by the government. Their importation is prohibited under heavy penalties, and every gambler and every card party has to contribute to the support of this institution. The servants of the Czar in the royal liveries stand at its doors and its accounts are looked over by the officers of the treasury department. It is in fact a model among the baby hospitals of Europe, and the scenes within it are such as you can see nowhere else in the world.

This big Moscow foundling asylum lies within a stone's throw of the Kremlin, where the most sacred of all Russia's great churches stand. It is on the banks of the Moscow River and in the very heart of this city of 800,000 people. The buildings are vast four-story structures built in the shape of a hollow square, about a garden which contains, perhaps, an acre of trees and lawn, into which, on their bright summer days, the children are brought to take their airing. I visited the establishment this afternoon. The gorgeous imperial servant, in his red and gold livery, took my card to the big front door and a long-gowned shock-headed boy ran with it to one of the matrons. I was directed to the door of the garden and a trim little lady of perhaps 25 years took me in charge and showed me over the whole institution. She spoke a little English and much German and she talked about the babies as we walked through the garden. This garden was cut up by long, wide and well-shaded walks, and these walks were filled with the nurses and their babies. Each baby has her own wet nurse, and along each walk were two lines of these nurses, each with a baby at her breast, and the whole garden was filled with such sights. There were hundreds upon hundreds of these nurses—buxom young peasant girls of 16 years old and upward, all dressed in the best of clothes, for it was Sunday afternoon, and all wearing the picturesque caps of the institution. These caps are nurses' caps of blue, green or red, which are as full as Tam O'Shanter caps at the top, but which sit tight about the forehead and are set rather on the back of the head, so as not to hide the forehead. The dresses of these hundreds of maiden nurses are cut low at the neck, and standing at the side of each walk you look along a line of 800 white necks shining out under these



Russian nurse.

bright caps and bordered by white yokes from which fall gowns fall as to show the swelling of these 800 busts. Half of the girls have babies sucking milk from their milk-white breasts and the other half have little swaddled infants who have had their fill and are taking a rest or are sleeping in their nurses' arms. At first you cannot notice the dresses for the interest you take in the nurses and babies and their feeding, but as you grow used to this you note that each girl's dress is much the same. The sleeves, full at the shoulders, are short and leave the arms bare to the elbows, and the skirts are full and gathered in at the waist, are short and do not reach to the ankles. The caps of different colors, but of the same shape, and the girls are of all types of Russian beauty and homeliness. Hundreds of the

blondes, and the flaxen-haired, blue-eyed beauties of the northern provinces are well represented. Hundreds have the rosy cheeks that you find along the Neva and Upper Volga, and here and there you see the dark eyes and brunettes faces which are found farther south. As I moved upon the steps, at one of the garden, I could see fully 1000 of these girls in the garden below me. Think of it! A thousand Russian Madonnas—not in oil or water colors, but in living, glowing flesh and blood—each doing the Madonna act in earnest and in truth, a thousand babies performing their part in the picture; and all this under one of the brightest skies and in one of the prettiest gardens of the world. It was, in truth, a sight worth coming to Russia to see.

As we walked through the garden the nurses saluted us. The young matron bowed to them and we raised our hats as we entered one of the walks, and at that moment the 100 red and blue caps bowed down to us. The girls bow from the waist and not with a nod of the head, as we do. They are not ashamed of their business, and they hold up their babies for us to look at as we pass. The nurses seem to be fond of their babies, and I would like to show, if I can, just how one of these Russian babies is cared for. Behind each nurse along these walks stood a little iron crib, and these cribs are smaller than any baby cribs you have ever seen. They stand on iron legs, but they are as big as the average family clothes basket, and they are about two feet wide, three feet long and two feet deep. Each baby has a crib to itself, and there were, I was told, 1800 cribs standing in the garden at the time I visited it. In some of the cribs babies were lying, and some of the babies were lying on their little heads, many of which seemed to me no bigger than a baseball, upon little pillows, and over them were drawn nets to shield their red faces from the too ardent kisses of the wind. They look most comfortable, and I venture you could get nowhere in the world 1000 babies, all under 4 weeks old, who would make less noise than these 1000 odd Russian babies were making.

Here and there about the grounds I noted tables on which the babies were laid when their nurses wished to rearrange their clothes, and I noted how carefully the little ones were handled. The tables, which were about four feet square, had padded tops, and as I saw the dressing going on I looked in vain for safety pins and the other little tortures which I have seen in American baby dressing. The baby is wrapped around in soft linen clothes, its legs being close together and its little red body swaddled up till it looks for all the world like a big rag baby, with the exception of where its little red face and its bright eyes peep out of the white linen. As I looked at this baby being dressed I asked the young matron if they had any "bottle babies" on the grounds, and if some of the babies were not brought up by hand. A look of horror and disgust came over her face, and she replied that they did not consider such methods of baby raising good or right, and that each baby had its own nurse. She had apparently never heard of our patent baby foods, and the pretty faces of the bottle



A product of the farm.

babies which appear as the result of particular combinations in our magazine advertisements would surprise her. The Russian babies of this institution know nothing of "one cow's milk," or "Gail Borden's eagle brand," or barley water, and they get through their infancy without being experimented upon by doctors and parents.

A great part of the establishment is on the cottage plan. The babies sleep on the ground floor, and at the end of each nurse's bed stands one of the little cribs. They are never allowed to sleep with their nurses, and the greatest care is taken that all of the surroundings should be healthy. The rooms are well ventilated, and there are rooms in which premature babies are kept, which are, as it were, incubating rooms. These are heated by steam and are kept at what I judge is about seventy degrees. It is the same with the hospital proper, and the babies are taken to cooler and cooler rooms as they recover from sickness. In the incubating rooms I saw a score or so of babies in copper tubs, so made that hot water running around their double walls kept the interior at almost blood-heat. In these were babies born two or three months before their time. These were wrapped in cotton, and they hardly seemed alive, but I could note the quivering of their eyelids as the matron opened the glass tops of the tubs. The most of such cases, as I am told, successful, and I judge that if a baby has any chance for existence when it comes here it lives. The babies are washed once a day in bathtubs of copper, and I noted that in the bottom of each tub there was a pillow on which the baby was placed, and that its sides were padded with soft flannel.

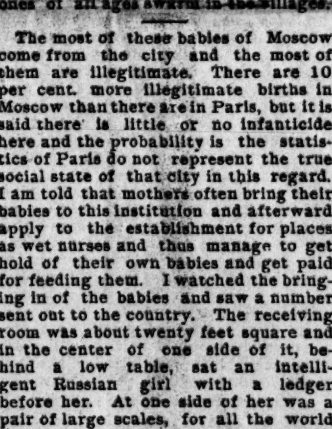
About fifty new babies are received on the average by this institution every day, and all babies are taken and no questions asked. They are sometimes left on the steps of the institution, but more often are brought by their mothers or some friend. If the mother has a name for the child she writes it on a card and this name is given it, and at the same time it is registered with a number and a corresponding number is given to the mother. This number is written on a little round tag of bone, and it is tied around the neck of the child, and by this number it goes in the institution. If the mother wants it again she can bring back her check and get her baby, and she can claim it at any time up to the age of ten years. The babies are kept in this institution only four weeks, and after this time the nurses who are in charge of them take them to their homes in the villages and bring them up. Each nurse gets \$1 a month for each nurse, and she is

GETTING IN HIS WORK.



der the supervision of the doctor of the district and has to report her baby to him from time to time. The age of about 8 years the children are brought back to the institution and are educated. They are taught trades, and at 13 go out to work for themselves. Some of the girls are taken back as officers and the others as hospital nurses. Many of the boys go into the army, and there are 150 of them annually admitted to the industrial schools of Moscow. If a girl gets married before she becomes of age the institution gives her her trousseau, and altogether foundlings are better treated in Russia than in any other country in the world. Their treatment, however, after they are sent out into the villages to be nursed, is not so good as it is here and the statistics show that fully half of all these babies die before they are a year old, and the science of baby-raising over the whole of Russia is in a state of barbarism. That one-fourth of all the babies born in the empire die before they are twelve months of age. Forty-two per cent. die before they are five years old, and still the yearly crop of children is so great that the population of Russia, according to the statistics of the statesman's year book, is increasing at the rate of 2,000,000 a year. In European Russia alone there are every year 1,600,000 more babies than there were the year before and more than 4,000,000 babies are born here every year. Russia has a high death rate, but these peasants breed like Australian rabbits and they like large families. Nearly every woman you see in the country as a baby at her breast and two-headed young ones of all ages swarm in the villages.

The most of these babies of Moscow come from the city and the most of them are illegitimate. There are 10 per cent. more illegitimate births in Moscow than there are in Paris, but it is said there is little or no infantile mortality here and the probability is that the statistics of Paris do not represent the true social state of that city in this regard. I am told that mothers often bring their babies to this institution and afterward apply to the establishment for places for their babies. I suppose, I suppose, brought the babies in. One was a pretty Russian peasant girl, who came in in her bare feet with a bundle in her arms. She took this to the table and handed a slip of paper on which was written the name of the baby to the book-keeper. She was asked the date of its birth and was then given a check with a number on it, and her baby was handed over to the girl with the tape measure. This girl unwrapped the little one in a jiffy and laid it squalling on the scales.



Sohna Gandri.

powerful build. He stood six feet and seven inches in his skis, and the upper half of his body was as massive and as firm as a structure of iron. He was always very fond of rum and would work harder and longer when the wages to be earned were so many quarts of rum than when the compensation was to be dollars and cents. Notwithstanding the man's liking for liquor, he never became a drunkard and he was always a laborer of the highest class. One day Bob was going to the village of Palmertown. On the way he came across an acquaintance who was laboring with a balky horse at the foot of a steep hill. The man was taking a load of potatoes to market, and as it was late in the fall and quite cold, he was anxious to get into town with them before they should freeze.



Three poor unfortunate.

She then gave its weight to the book-keeper and taking the tape measure from her shoulders ran it around the head of the baby, noted the size of it and then measured its length from crown to sole. These figures were put down in the book and it was carried off, and as it was, into the next room and handed over to the washer. First, however, its check of white bone, bearing its number was tied about its neck and it from this time lost its name and became a number.

Let us follow it as I did and see how it is taken care of. In the next room an old lady is washing a baby that was brought in five minutes earlier. She speaks to the girl who brings the new baby in and the baby is dropped gently on a padded table and left a second while number one is dressed. It continues to squall and kick as it lies there for five seconds on its back, but at last it ceases to squall and it lies at last as the old lady picks it up. It starts up again as she lays it in the copper bathtub lined with flannel. This has warm water in it and into it she warms water in it and into it she warms water in it. With soap the old lady quickly washes the baby and in ten seconds by my watch she has cleaned every part of its body. She now raises it in her hands and lays it on a dry padded table. She dries its red limbs with a soft towel and puts a

little long shirt on its body. Then comes the diaper, which is much the same as the article used by our babies at home, and then the old lady wraps around it these swaddling clothes and the infant is complete. It is carried to its little iron crib and its life as a Russian foundling has begun. Eight days later it will be baptized by the priest in a great silver urn which stands on the floor of the next room, and for the next four weeks it is sure of as good attention and as good food as any baby can have. Its health will be carefully watched, and it will be vaccinated with matter taken from inoculated calves, which are selected for this purpose and which are kept in another part of the establishment. The vaccine matter is transferred directly from the calf to the child, and the greatest attention is paid to having the animals clean and healthy.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

STRONG AS A GIANT.

He Was Always Fond of Rum, too, but It Was Not His Fault.

[New York Herald.]

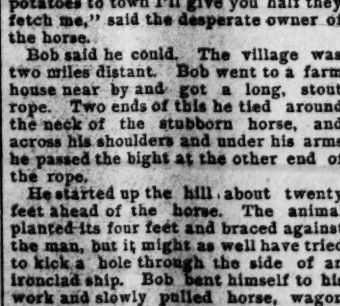
There lives on Pigeon Hill, Ct., a man who in his prime would have made Sandow, the German giant, and Cyr, the Canadian Hercules, ashamed of their boasted strength. He has never been seen his muscles put to their greatest test.

The man's name is Selmo Gandri, or, as he is familiarly called, Bob. In the early fifties he was brought from the West Indies by a merchant vessel laden with rum and molasses, and set adrift in Middletown, on the Connecticut River. Gandri was of an exceedingly



Selmo Gandri.

powerful build. He stood six feet and seven inches in his skis, and the upper half of his body was as massive and as firm as a structure of iron. He was always very fond of rum and would work harder and longer when the wages to be earned were so many quarts of rum than when the compensation was to be dollars and cents. Notwithstanding the man's liking for liquor, he never became a drunkard and he was always a laborer of the highest class. One day Bob was going to the village of Palmertown. On the way he came across an acquaintance who was laboring with a balky horse at the foot of a steep hill. The man was taking a load of potatoes to market, and as it was late in the fall and quite cold, he was anxious to get into town with them before they should freeze.



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IT HANGS JUST OUT OF REACH.

Quaint Subject Chosen by a Young Woman for Her Picture. (Chicago Tribune.)

No woman who remembers her childhood but help being pleased with the picture a young English woman, Miss Edith Scannell, is exhibiting this year in one of the London galleries. "Just



Just out of reach.

Out of Reach" it is called, and nothing could be happier than the pose of the little girl who is the sole figure in it, or the wistful expression which she regards the big, round apple that hangs too far over her head for her small hands to reach. It is an extremely popular picture in London, and it is needless to say, especially attractive to women.

Disqualified as a Kisser.

[Judge.]

Recruiting Sergeant. You won't do. That hare-lip debar you from enlisting in the army.

Applicant. That hare-lip, is it? Shure an' I t'ought yer wanted me t' kill injins, not kiss a squaw.

Insulting. [Judge.]

She. Oh, Claude! when we plays de champagne game can't y' tie yo' knees together somehow? Yo' couldn't stop a watermelon wid dem legs, much less de tennis-ball.

PICKETT'S CHARGE

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed, Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost, Reeking through the battle-cloud, And heard across the tempest loud, The death cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down. Without disgrace, They leaped to ruin's red embrace, They only heard Fame's thunders wake, And saw the flaming ensigns break in smiles on Glory's bloody face.

They fell, who lifted up a hand, And bade the sun in heaven to stand, They smote and fell, who set the bars Against the progress of the stars And stayed the march of mother land!

They stood who saw the future come, On through the light's delirium, They smote and stood, who held the hope Of nations on that slippery shore, Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will That clutched and held that trembling hill, God lives and reigns! He built and lent The heights for freedom's battlement Where hosts her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns! Love rules. Her gentle purpose runs, A mighty mother turns in tears The pages of her battle years, Lamenting all her fallen sons.

At any rate, Keweenaw would be saved.

MATTHEW H. THOMPSON.

ON SKIRMISH FIRING.

How Marksmen Learn to Shoot as They Run.

The Queer Postures Assumed at Long Distance Shooting.

Proficient Plugging of Targets That are Shaped Like Men.

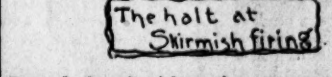
Advancing, Falling and Firing at the Signal from a Whistle—One of the New Military Regulations.

The National guardsmen of California are becoming exceedingly clever marksmen, as a result of a system of competitive shooting at long-distance targets. While the two regiments have been in camp at Ventura and Long Beach, many visitors have had an opportunity of witnessing the rifle practice of skirmishers, while at the same time the regular soldiers of the Department of Arizona have been engaged in making records by their marksmanship at Fort



The holt at Skirmish firing.

Bayard, though without the encouragement of a great audience. The system of skirmish firing now in vogue with the regular army soldiers and well-appointed State militia troops, adds greatly to the efficiency of their arms, and an exhibition of their prowess, viewed from the rear and out of the way



The Texas Grip.

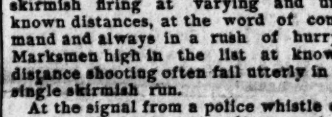
of the showers of whistling bullets, is an interesting sight. There is a vast difference between shooting at targets placed at known distances, when the marksman can have his own time for loading, sight-adjusting and aiming, and skirmish firing at varying and unknown distances, at the word of command and always in a rush of hurry. Marksmen high in the list at known distance shooting often fall utterly in a single skirmish run.

At the signal from a police whistle or a bugle a double line of soldiers marches forward, presumably from the protection of the brush, though all such cover must be purely imaginary in the practice shooting hereabout. The marching



The sawbuck.

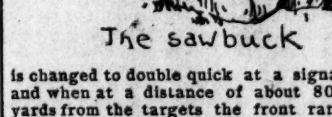
is changed to double quick at a signal and when at a distance of about 800 yards from the targets the front rank drops flat upon the ground, some prone upon their stomachs, more upon their backs, and others in a sitting position. Then an intermittent line of puffing smoke curls from the shining barrels, short reports ring out and the song of the bullet is reflected from the hills. After a lapse of thirty seconds the signal sounds again, the men jump to their feet, go forward another 200 yards and again drop into their clumsy positions. The sharp reports are heard again and



The prone position.

again. Two hundred yards further on the same tactics are repeated, and finally the marksmen approach to within 200 yards of the imaginary foe. There the firing is more rapid and the targets are scarcely visible through the rising cloud of smoke.

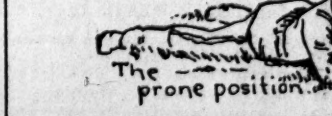
To the ordinary marksman the targets would be a novelty. There is no bull's-eye to aim at, no encircling rings to grade the merit of the shots. Half a dozen black figures are grouped together. These mannikins are made of



The sitting position.

canvas, papered black, and each represents the life-size figure of a man. One is crouched close to the ground, in height not over two feet. Next to this figure is one upright, five feet ten inches high, and the third is in a kneeling position. The difference in size is made to correspond to the difference in the scores.

In regular army practice a shot which perforates the smallest figure counts five, one striking the kneeling figure is scored as four, and a bullet sent through the standing figure is reckoned as three points. Each marksman is provided with forty cartridges, which he must fire during the run. Some prefer to retain a majority of their shells for the short ranges; others shoot about an



The sitting position.

equal number at each halt and take more time for aiming and loading. The rapidity in handling the guns and good scoring is remarkable when it is considered that the rifles are not "repeaters," but "single-fire," and the shooter must walk, run, fall into position, fire and reload.

The marksmen employ five distinct attitudes. The most popular and peculiar of these positions is known as the "Texas grip." In this and the "saw-buck" the butt of the piece does not rest against the shoulder. In the former the right leg is extended upon the ground and the left bent slightly at the knee. The right shoulder rests upon the ground, while the left is partially raised. The gun strap is passed over the left leg and caught in the crook of the knee. The left arm is bent and the hand passing behind the head grasps the butt of the gun, behind and over the right shoulder. The recoil after firing thus comes upon the strap under the knee. To facilitate greater rapidity in loading, five of the big cartridges are held between the marksman's teeth. The thumb of the right hand pulls the trigger, the breach is thrown open with the fingers, the shell extracted and a fresh one put in place, and the breach locked with marvelous speed. Marksmen using this position have been known to fire twelve shots into one target in the limit of thirty seconds.

In the "saw-buck" position the feet are crossed and the knees elevated. In the X thus formed the barrel is placed, the sight easily taken, and the rifle held firmly in place. While firing "prone" the marksman lies full length upon his chest and stomach, with his feet spread wide apart, and the shoulders are slightly elevated upon the elbows. The sitting position is used at the shorter



The sitting position.

got it?" "What kind of a pocketbook was it, madam?" "Russet leather with a nickel silver clasp. It was a present from my class in—"

"What did it contain?" interrupted the youth.

"A dollar bill, two halpennies, a glove buttoner, a stick of chewing gum, four pearl buttons, a lock of Willie's hair, a boot button, four stamps, three car tickets—"

"There was a clipping of poetry," said the loser, after a moment's thought; "it began:

"Whatever it is best," "You will have to console yourself with that, I am afraid," madam," said the tired clerk, "the pocketbook isn't here."

Prunes are worth \$65 a ton in the Northern counties. The fruit-grower has reason to be happy in almost any section in this State.—(Covina Argus.)

PRESIDENTIAL CAREERS.

Successes and Reverses, Victories and Defeats Recalled.

Uneasy Lies the Head of the White House.

Lincoln, Johnson and the Reconstruction Period.

Grant's First and Second Terms—Arthur's Accidental Election—Blaine and Garfield—Cleveland and Harrison.

Contributed to The Times.

Volumes have been written on the vicissitudes of royalty, but the reverses of Presidents have been as disastrous, and sometimes as tragic, as any in the annals of emperors, sultans, or czars. We have had twenty-three Presidents since 1789, and out of these Lincoln and Garfield were assassinated, Johnson was impeached, Madison was driven from his capital by foreign troops and saw the Executive Mansion burned by the invaders; Buchanan closed his career in the midst of rebellion and civil war, with a rival usurper away from a third of the territory of the Union; Lincoln passed his entire term in sight of hostile armies, treating the existence of the Government; the title of Hayes was denied by half the Nation as long as he remained in office, and is often disputed still; Monroe and Jefferson died in poverty, the objects of charity, public or private; Grant became a bankrupt in his old age, and saw his business partners sentenced to a felon's prison for fraud.

Of lesser calamities—Harrison and Taylor died early in their terms, and like Lincoln, as every one knows, rose from the lowest stratum of society. He was ignorant and uncouth, and lived the life of the humblest until he arrived at manhood, retaining traces of his early condition to the last. He was elected at the time of his elevation any qualities entitling him to such distinction, or to make the Nation suppose him equal to his terrible responsibilities. He was selected by intrigue and bargain; for motives of personal revenge and party advancement. Without Greeley's hate and Cameron's traffic he never could have obtained the nomination over the leader of his party, the spokesman and founder of Republicanism. The country was ignorant almost of his name; he was untried in affairs, unlearned in everything. He battled with one of the greatest enemies in all history; he was the rival of the great soldiers and statesmen of the North as well as the antagonist of those of the South; he mastered the profounder intellects in his Cabinet, those of Seward, and Chase and Stanton; he defeated Greeley and Fremont, the favorites of his party; he overthrew McClellan and a crowd of unsuccessful generals, and controlled the victorious ones, Grant, and Sherman, and Thomas, in political as well as in military affairs. He had the bitterest antagonisms in his own party to contend with; those whose support was indispensable to him he was constantly obliged to check and restrain; the very men who now affect to speak in his name were most hostile to him in his lifetime; those who claim the glory of his achievements from first to last gave him most trouble; they tried his hands and fettered his movements; he had harder work to manage Republicans than Democrats, and the North gave him almost as much trouble to control as the South did to conquer.

His re-election, even at the crisis of the war, was violently opposed by Sumner, Chase, Wade, Greeley and Fremont, and others of the most prominent Northerners; and, though they fell into line at last, there were thousands of votes for his rival cast by the Union camps. When one reflects that the existence of the Nation was at stake, and that the Democrats had declared the war a failure, the fact that nearly 2,000,000 votes were polled against the Chief of the State is marvellous. The unanimity we now talk of did not exist then.

Lincoln was intensely anxious about his reelection; he was an adroit politician and feared the rivalry of his equals as well as of his ministers, of Fremont as well as of Chase. He took means to ascertain that Grant would not endeavor to antagonize him. He checked Grant when the latter was anxious to negotiate with Lee, and the one bitter thought Grant ever had toward his superior was when he received a message rebuking him for presuming to conduct terms of peace.

Then, by the mockery of fate, Lincoln, who had borne the burden and heat of the war, was murdered in the moment of victory and Johnson succeeded. His was a more unfortunate still. Quarrelling with the party that had elected him for a different purpose and to a different place, he who had been steadily loyal in war found himself in peace at the head of men who had sought to destroy the government, and opposed to those who had accomplished its salvation. He was honest in his political belief and so far was patriotic and pure; but he did his country almost as much harm as Jefferson Davis himself; he put the great areas of reconstruction and pacification for years; he awoke the ambitions and animosities of the South after they had been subdued, and roused the North to harsher measures than would ever have been approved but for his obscurity. The whole carpet-bag system is directly chargeable to him and his injudicious course, and the disasters he brought upon the South are not yet entirely removed.

His personal misfortunes were conspicuous. Alone of our Presidents he was impeached by the House of Representatives and tried by the Senate, and only escaped conviction because a two-thirds majority was required; as it was his deposition was avoided by the defection of Republican Senators. The very Cabinet of his successor had been selected, and on the day before the vote was cast it was present at a conference on this subject between Wade, the man who expected to succeed him, and Grant, the candidate of the Republicans, who did succeed him a few months

afterward. Johnson's name was not considered by the Democratic nominating convention, and after what Republicans regarded as party treason he was neglected and ignored by those for whom the treason was performed. When Grant was inaugurated he refused to sit in the carriage with Johnson, and the outgoing President remained at the White House signing his last papers while his bitterest enemy was sworn in at the Capitol.

Grant's Presidential difficulties began with his first Cabinet. Washburne, his earliest and staunchest friend, wanted the first place, which Grant refused him, and Washburne never forgave the offense. Wilson, to whom the place was offered, declined it, and both Fish and Borie had to be urged to accept their posts. A. T. Stewart was appointed and the treasury, only to discover that he was ineligible. Rawlins died and Borie resigned within six months, and among the others Cox left the Cabinet because of a difference with Grant, Jewell was peremptorily dismissed, Belknap took bribes, and Bristow attacked his chief. By the time of the second nomination, the party was disrupted. A great portion, including Sumner, Schurz, and others, followed Grant, and he became the Democratic candidate, and one of the strangest developments in our political history occurred—the party that had opposed the war taking for its representative the man who had done as much as any for bringing it on, and the original abolitionists opposing him who had done most to make abolition practical. The alliance of Greeley and Democracy, however, was too preposterous for the people to approve, and Grant was re-elected by a larger majority than any President since Monroe. His opponent went crazy from disappointment and died before the inauguration.

Then came Grant's famous struggle for a third term, the fierce contest with Blaine and the nomination of Garfield, another instance that in a republic a second-rate man stands a better chance than a great one. To face back on Garfield from Grant and Blaine was preposterous, but so the party decided; and Grant and Blaine both took their places behind their inferior. Both supported him warmly in the canvass; they elected him over Hancock, and then quarreled over the division of the spoils. The events that followed are recent history; the offense that Garfield gave by siding with Blaine, the defeat of Conkling, the murder of Garfield after six short months, Blaine with party broils and bodily suffering—a pitiable Presidential career.

Then came another dramatic change. Arthur, a petty politician, was suddenly elevated to the presidency, displacing Blaine from his Cabinet, offering Conkling a Supreme Court judgeship, and dispensing or refusing favors to Grant. His efforts for a re-nomination, like those of all other Vice-Presidents who came in a defeat, failed miserably. Blaine, whom he had driven from his Cabinet, was nominated over his head, and Arthur never recovered from the humiliation. He lingered a few months and died of chagrin.

In 1884 Blaine was nominated at last; but, like his predecessors, Clay and Webster and Calhoun, the great statesmen of a previous generation, he was destined to serve in the cabinets of others, in inferior positions. He made up one of his own. He had been twice defeated in convention, and now was defeated at the polls, though only by a narrow majority in the State of New York.

Cleveland, the first Democratic President in twenty years, had a quiet term and was re-nominated by acclamation, but defeated by the younger Harrison. The actual President, as every one knows, was first nominated after a general melee, Blaine having declined to be a candidate. He invited Blaine to a place in his Cabinet, and the story is fresh in men's minds, of the rivalry between the two great statesmen, the resignation of Blaine, the bitter fight at Minneapolis, the victory of Harrison.

And now Cleveland is nominated again against Harrison; two men, each of whom has served his term, are pitted against each other, and the result is the greater Presidents, went before the people while he was in office, and Harrison now is in their position—Coriolanus in the market-place, seeking again the support of the people, each of whom has served his term, being candidates for the Presidency at the same time. Needs must be that one will fall, and then another in the line will show the other a more certain defeat. Either Harrison will be pushed from his seat by the man he himself dispossessed four years ago, or Cleveland will be held a second time from place by him who has already unhorsed him in a former Presidential campaign.

ADAM BADIAN.

SEPTEMBER WEATHER.

Averages of the Month, based on the Records for Fourteen Years.

Under instructions from the chief of the Weather Bureau at Washington, Franklin Observer George E. Franklin has prepared for publication the following data, compiled from the record of observations for the month of September taken at this station during a period of fourteen years.

It is believed that the facts thus set forth will prove of interest to the public, as well as the special student, showing the great average and extreme conditions of the more important meteorological elements and the range within which such variations may be expected to keep during any corresponding months.

Temperature—Mean or normal temperature, 70°; the warmest September was that of 1891, with an average of 73°; the coldest September was that of 1880, with an average of 64°; the highest temperature during any September was 108°, on the 21st, 1885; the lowest temperature during any September was 44°, on the 23d and 29th, 1880.

Precipitation—Average for the month, .06 inches; average number of days with .01 of an inch or more, 0; the greatest monthly precipitation was .18 inches in 1887; the least monthly precipitation was a trace in 1881-2; the greatest amount of precipitation recorded in any twenty-four consecutive hours was .15 inches on September 21st, 1887.

Clouds and weather—Average number of cloudy days, 17; average number of partly cloudy days, 12; average number of cloudy days, 1.

Wind—The prevailing winds have been from the west. The highest velocity of the wind during any September was twenty-eight miles on September 18, 1882.

Lately several buyers have been through the country hunting up grapes for fruit canning purposes. From \$20 to \$25 have been paid for pears and quite a number of carloads will be shipped to Los Angeles and Colton. This goes to prove that a cannerly interest in Ventura would be a source of much profit to the fruit-growers living here and would pay for the investment.

[Ventura Free Press.]

THE RIVERS OF STONE.

By Charles F. Lummis.

Contributed to The Times.

If a line were drawn from Lake Manitoba to the Gulf of Mexico at Galveston, approximately halving the United States, and we could have these two halves on a small enough scale to compare them side by side, we should find that nature herself had already made a striking division. We would find such a difference between them as we now scarce realize.

Broadly speaking we should discover the eastern half to be low, rather flat, wooded and wet; the western half many times as high above sea level, extremely mountainous, generally bare and phenomenally dry. Its landscapes are more brown than green, its ranges barren and far more bristling than those of the East, and its plains vast bleak uplands.

REGION OF WINDY AIR.

Its very air is as different from that of the eastern half as white is different from gray. It is many times lighter and many times clearer, and incomparably drier. It is a sort of wizard air, which plays all sorts of good-natured tricks upon the stranger. Delicious to breathe, a real tonic to the lungs, a stimulant to the skin, it seems to delight in fooling the eyes. Through its magic clearness one sees three times as far as in the heavier atmosphere of the East; and the stranger's estimates of distance

cent pine forest—a rare enough thing in the Southwest—partly growing upon ancient flows and cut in all directions by later ones. Everywhere is lava, which makes travel irksome; and in the picturesque Zuni Cañon, which traverses the range, is a singular sight—where the lava, too impetuous to wait outlet by a crater, boiled out in great waves from under the bottom of the cañon's walls, which are sandstone precipices hundreds of feet high.

A HARD CLIMB.

The largest crater in this range is about two miles south of the lonely little ranch-house at Agua Fria. It is a great, reddish-brown truncated cone, rising about 800 feet above the plateau, and from three sides looks very regular and round. Around it are the tall pines, and a few have even straggled up its sides.

To the top of that crater is one of the very hardest climbs I know—the ascent of Pike's Peak did not tire me nearly so much.

The whole cone is covered, several feet deep, with coarse, sharp volcanic ashes, or rather cinders—for each fragment is as large as the tip of one's finger. The slope is of extreme steepness, and this loose covering of scorias makes ascent almost hopeless. The climber sinks calf-deep at every step, and, worse still, at every step he sets the whole face of the slope, for a rod around, to sliding down hill. No one can go straight up that arduous pitch; one has to climb sideways and in zigzags and with frequent pauses for breath and it is a decided relief, mental as well as physical, when one stands at last upon the rim of the giant bowl.

have all to be made over again. It is no uncommon thing for the traveler to deem an object but five miles off when it is nearly twenty miles or so more. A still more startling trick of this strange atmosphere is that it very frequently makes one see things that do not exist at all. It is a curious paradox that this atmospheric fog, which lives off the mirage, is confined to dry countries—deserts, in fact—and that the illusion it most commonly presents is water. Towns and mountains and animals are sometimes pictured, but often it is a counter-feit of water that is shown the weary traveler in a land where there is no water.

The very landscape under this wonderful air has an appearance to be found nowhere else. The barrenness seems enchanted; and there is an unearthly look about it all. Water courses are extremely rare—in a quarter of a continent there are only two good-sized ones—and it is frequently hundreds of miles between brooks. In a word, the country seems to have been burnt out—it reminds one of a gigantic cinder.

WEIRD RIVERS.

It is true that there is in this area a great many rivers of a sort not to be found in the East—strange rivers! They are black as coal, and full of strange, savage waves and curious eddies and enormous bubbles. The springs from which they started are higher than its banks, yet not overflowing; a current across which men walk without danger of sinking, but not without danger of another sort; a current in which not fishes but wild beasts live—often even one river on top of another!

These are rivers characteristic of the West—there are none of them in the East. But in an area larger than that which holds three-fourths of the population of the United States there is a part of the country. They line hundreds of valleys. If the rest of the landscape suggests fire, they suggest it ten times more. And rightly enough, they have seen the lava flows that have been here. They are burnt rivers that ran as fire and remain so now.

I mean that these rivers of stone are neither more nor less than lava-flows. They are the great rivers of the West, rivers of ink (made by the combination of chemicals soaked from the soil) and incomparably more important; for they have to do with causes which much more nearly affect mankind.

THE GREAT DIFFERENCE between the East and West is that the latter is a volcanic country and nearly all the striking dissimilarities of air, climate, landscape and even customs of the people are due to this fact.

The West has been heated up by the fires which have burned out and parched dry—so dry that even the sky feels it. The rainfall is far less than in the East, and the main reason for this is that the Western farmers flood their fields several times in a season.

As we go south this volcanic condition becomes more and more predominant. The vast Southwest is a strongly volcanic country and covered with members of its old fires. There are no active volcanoes in the United States, but in the Southwest there are thousands of extinct ones, each with its own lava flow. These are very old and large peaks like the giants of Central and South America. Most of them are small cones rising but little above the surrounding plains—some not more than fifty feet, yet so elevated is the whole country there that the top of such a cone is frequently much higher above the sea level than the summit of Mt. Washington.

Of the volcanic regions I have explored, one of the most interesting is in the Zuni Mountains of Western New Mexico and along their slopes. All through the range—whose tops are over 8000 feet in altitude—are scattered scores of extinct volcanoes, and their lava-flows have over-run many thousands of square miles.

The range is covered with a magni-

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PASTEUR'S PAVILION.

The Office and Home of the Famous Healer.

Description of the Process of Inoculation for Rabies.

A Glimpse at Pasteur's Personality—Comedies of the Pavilion.

His Lieutenant, Dr. Grancher—Furnishings of the Pavilion—Pen Picture of Monsieur Pasteur—A Great Blessing to Mankind.

Special Correspondence of The Times.

Paris, Aug. 24.—At an early hour of the forenoon, day after day, a crowd of 150 persons and upward assemble in the waiting-room, a spacious hall papered in dark green and wainscoted in pale oak—of Dr. Pasteur's pavilion, which is a one-story, detached house, standing at right angles to the main building of the Ecole Normale on the Rue d'Ulm.

If the weather is favorable many of the crowd—all of whom are patiently waiting to be treated by the savant—prefer to promenade on the gravelled spot facing the pavilion, the more so as it enables them to catch a glimpse of Dr. Pasteur, who sits facing one of the windows, with the full light streaming upon his features. From till 10:30 o'clock he can be seen opening, reading and assorting letters, telegrams and cablegrams, whereby one can observe a peculiar, slightly dragging movement of his right hand. Quite oblivious to the numerous eyes directed at

him from the outside, he asserts his correspondence, filing some and throwing others into a large basket at his side, which is filled to overflowing before inoculations begin.

He asks but very few questions, indeed, sometimes none at all about how applicants for treatment came to be bitten.

DR. GRANCHER'S ARRIVAL.

About 10 a.m. Dr. Grancher, the chief assistant of Dr. Pasteur, walks across the gravelled spot. He is a well-known man in Paris. Already his exterior attracts attention. He is slender, bald, extremely pale, and has a Mephistophelean profile. He dresses in black, and his hands are encased in black gloves. Observing his self-possessed manner, one would suppose that he was a partner of Pasteur's secret, but he is only his well-paid medical instrument.

The exact way of inoculation for preventing rabies is the subject of virulent degrees of Pasteur alone knows, and he is constantly modifying, trying to improve his treatment and triumph over the opposition of his theory, which he has many. Among them is an American, Dr. Stephens, who, in order to test his own theory, which is that hydrophobia is "fancy bred" in man, never loses a chance of getting bitten by a mad dog. He has been wounded by canine teeth forty-seven times, and a German disciple of his, named Fischer, nineteen times. They are both perfectly well.

THE FURNISHING OF THE PAVILION.

Let us enter the pavilion with Dr. Grancher. To the left of the waiting-room is the laboratory with hygienic surroundings. The tables with chloroformed animals and wastes from former dissections lying around. Here his recent experiment of putting little birds under a glass bell with diluted air were made. As soon as the little creatures entered they made a few struggling movements, a few strokes of the wing and fell down motionless. A door from the laboratory leads into the yard with its stables, filled with horses suffering from glanders, and innumerable cages with rabbits, poultry, rabbits, Guinea pigs, white mice, etc., all ready for their destiny of being inoculated and vivisectioned.

To the right of the waiting-room is Dr. Pasteur's office. It has, like all places about the pavilion, very much of a workshop air. The bookcase is a set of plain shelves, without even doors, and the portfolio on it, the thesaurus of his life, contains a mass of letters, reports, tables, tubes, bottles, microscopes, vessels filled with blood, and hermetically sealed jars which are inhabited by millions of microbes. The tables are painted black.

PEN PICTURE OF PASTEUR.

Dr. Pasteur's air is that of a grave old soldier. His bronzed complexion of a military veteran must have been inherited from his father, a soldier in the grande armée, as his own life has been a life of the most heroic and self-sacrificing kind. He has been wounded by canine teeth forty-seven times, and a German disciple of his, named Fischer, nineteen times. They are both perfectly well.

He always wears at home and in his laboratory, he reveals a solidly constructed forehead, spacious and high without being arched. All the elements bespeak self-will and the habit of hard, patient and persevering work. A nose, that would be lumpy if shorter, is wrinkled in all directions at the bridge. A short, scant beard does not hide the massive flesh, and yet not heavy outline of the under part of the face. An air of thoughtful gravity pervades his countenance. But there is something of the African feline in the topaz-yellow eyes, which, when the head is thrown back, look straight before them into vacancy, as if to rest the optic nerve. One seldom sees eyes like Pasteur's—sometimes lighted up by flashes of scientific inspirations.

A playwright would find much matter for amusing comedies among the assembled patients.

A story is told of a young lady whose loving but economical papa would not consent to take her on a visit to Paris. She, however, hearing of Pasteur's inoculations saw in it a means for carrying out her desires. She got scratched, said the dog did it, affected terror and was whisked off from her native town in the diligence to a boarding-house near the Luxembourg. The truth only came out when she was in the crowd that awaited inoculation.

Gossip also tells of a South American

millionaire who with the innate smartness of a Yankee, saw in a long-forfeited scratch in the face of a beautiful daughter a means of bringing fortune to Europe with cost. Knowing that M. de Freycinet was the intimate friend of Pasteur's son-in-law, he visited the pavilion, and on hearing that no fee was accepted, subscribed a sum represented by fouriphers in a book, which appeared to the whole world, for a sum of 1600,000 to found an institution for the prevention and cure of rabies. Next evening he and his daughter occupied the President's box at the opera and were fairly launched into Parisian society.

THE SCIENTIST'S HOME LIFE.

After his office hours Pasteur lives entirely for new scientific explorations and his family. He has very strong family affections. There never was a more dutiful or kinder husband or father. And the members of his family are well deserving of such devotion; they are not only cheerful companions but indispensable helpmates in his work. Mme. Pasteur comes from a pedagogic family; her grandfather, a French rendering of Lazarus, was a schoolmaster, and his daughter studied science so as to be able to aid the savant in his researches, and during a severe illness of his collected a good deal of the matter for his investigation of silk worm diseases.

At home Pasteur dresses carelessly in an old pea-jacket, on the breast of which the red rosette of an officer of the Legion of Honor is conspicuous. When he goes out he wears a military uniform, and his boots are highly polished as the best blacking can produce. In taking constitutional walks in Luxembourg, his squat figure is seldom seen without the company of a young disciple, or his twelve-year-old granddaughter, on whose arm he leans, as he is threatened with total paralysis. Pasteur's ambition was to be a painter, but to his father, who wished him to become a schoolmaster, and his mother who had a passion for book-learning, he took to science. A professor, under whom he studied at time, turned his attention to chemistry. At the same time he was given a microscope for a birthday present, which he allowed Pasteur to take with him on holiday outings. The instrument opened to him a universe, and he led his daughter up the investigations of Swammerdam and Boyle, the discoverers of the domain of science, which Pasteur has so successfully explored.

C. S. HARTMAN.

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS.

Contributed to The Times.

In Pandemonium yesterday there was a quiet corner—amid the Alameda street wickedness, amid the dives and saloons that give forth bad smells and bad music to assail the nostrils and ears of passers-by, there was a quiet place on Sunday—a place of quietness and purity and worship.

Outside, clouds of dust rose and choked one, trailing past and with deafening noise; one heard snatches of songs and loud jests among the men seated in front of "hotels" and just inside their doors; one saw dirty, ragged little children in the streets, playing, quarreling, doing what they might to deal with the play them on a hot August day. I entered the little Alameda street German Mission, and I might have gone 100 miles in the instant of crossing the threshold from the squalor, the heat, the dust, the general repugnance of the outside world, to the quiet, reverent atmosphere within. No sooner was I seated than an old German gentleman in front of me, who had one of the kindest faces I ever saw, and the sweetest smile, handed me a hymn-book, from which the congregation were just then singing. I'm sure not one stanza of that song was omitted, but every verse was sung with fervor, and was drowned out with German conscientiousness, slowness and precision. As I couldn't read a word of German, I had ample time to look about me, and I improved the time. Before me sat a kind-looking old German woman.

Not far away was a fine specimen of a native of the "Fatherland," grand, sturdy and strong, a veritable giant, with a glowing complexion and beard, and he had with him the prettiest baby I think I ever saw. The baby was in fact the only person in that whole congregation who was not the most orderly, the most reverent, the most devout of the assembly. He evidently thought the whole thing was going forward for his especial amusement, and was determined to enjoy it. So when the minister prayed, he crawled, and when the minister preached the baby cried, and when the congregation sang he helped, and seemingly considered the singing performed by the congregation of but secondary merit, and himself the soloist of the occasion.

Then the pastor began to speak, and I listened, at first scarcely knowing why; then it gradually dawned upon me that I was fascinated by the speaker. He read first a short passage of scripture in a rich, beautiful voice. Such a tender, mellow voice, at times rising with the fervor of his consciousness of uttering a divine message, at times sinking into a low, soothing tone of one who loves humanity and seeks its safety, for a moment the common place monotone, then with a tenderness of manner indescribable, with an earnestness of face, with an eloquence of voice, and yet not heavy, with arms extended, he spoke as though pleading with his hearers to hear the message of a divine truth. The spell was upon all who heard him; all felt the ability of his face and presence.

How blessed was my sense of peace when I departed, though through the whole service I had not understood a single word; how kind were their handshakes and their nods of welcome to a stranger to them all. And, after all, do not the brothers and sisters of our common humanity speak to each other more than by means of mere words uttered, through the medium of the sympathetic voice, the gentle manner, the tender, kind, charitable thought, though appealing to the same hopes, the same fears, the same passions and desires and longings and aspirations that animate all our hearts? And I think I hear "Amen."

"Wants It Straight."

[Rural New Yorker.]

It is said that 800,000 olive trees have been planted recently in the vicinity of Pomona, Cal. We read such statements with the greatest possible interest, because they argue that our children, if not ourselves, will once more be able to procure pure olive oil. We have tried our best to get it, but we have not had a bottle of perfectly pure olive oil in twenty years, nor do we believe there is any in our markets, despite the assertions of the importers. Pure olive oil has a tinge and odor peculiarly its own, and in early life, forty years ago, when it was the cheapest oil we had, selling (in its crude shape) for less than whale oil, we had to do with it largely, and so became familiar with its bouquet. What we get today is not "the thing." Perhaps our California friends have a little. If they have any to spare, the writer of these lines would like a few bottles.

Gossip also tells of a South American

CLUB LIFE TRIALS.

HOW EVOLUTION HAS PLAYED WITH THIS INSTITUTION.

With a Multitude of Clubs to Choose From the Average Man Is Unassailed.

Some Suggestions for the Afflicted—Once—How to Abash the Club's Bore.

If, as Addison opines, clubs are a natural and necessary offshoot of a man's gregarious and social nature, the gregarious and social Englishman of the present day in surveying the exuberant crop of clubs which have sprung up around him may feel that he has honestly done his duty by nature and necessity. And yet he is not happy. With a practically unlimited choice before him he is, or affects to be, unable to choose satisfactorily. To him comes the list of clubs, the names of law and the club of his heart's desire as the needle.

Johnson, according to Boswell, defined a club as an assembly of good fellows meeting under certain conditions to enjoy far the most of the pleasures of life. The modern ideal is shown significantly by an advertisement which appeared a few months ago in a contemporary, inviting gentlemen of position and means to discuss the propriety of a club. The conditions of the club of which should be "the absolute quiet and restfulness so essential to this age of high pressure." If this world weary advertiser had lived 150 years ago he might have found his desire in the club of the drum club, which seems to have been "made up of very honest gentlemen of peaceable dispositions that used to sit together, smoke their pipes and say nothing till midnight."

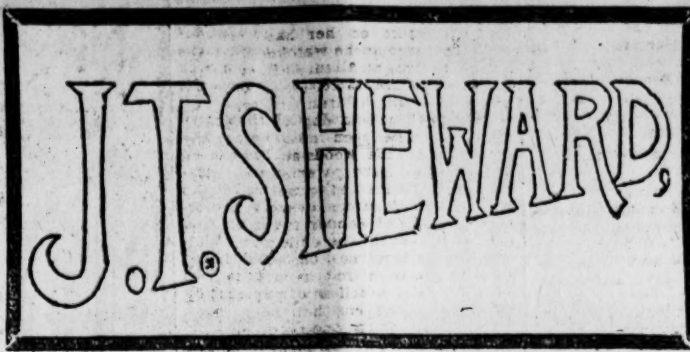
For many reasons the good fellowship and camaraderie of the earlier clubs have disappeared. A man may have many friends in his club, but as a rule he does not make them there. In professional and commercial intercourse the bonds of rigid etiquette are easily relaxed. By a general understanding every barrister is entitled to be "half fellow, well met" with any other barrister, in virtue of the common calling; and the same principle prevails to a greater or less degree in other walks of life. But in most clubs this easy license is at best but sparingly recognized, and while a fellow member has no claim upon one's friendliness, it is at any rate a possible object of dislike.

Nor is this dislike in all cases illegitimate, for the club mauler is a nuisance which is all the more irritating from being so peculiarly difficult to deal with. For instance the club snorer, whose sins have lately been held up to execration in the press. Would he be permitted to perpetrate this outrage in his wife's drawing room? Not he. But in his club, where he is beyond the jurisdiction of domestic discipline, he is too often able to offend with impunity, owing to the reluctance of his fellow members to take action against him. The club snorer is a nuisance, a correspondent delicately termed him—the man who appropriates coats, sticks and umbrellas who does not belong to him—is a thief pure and simple, and ought rather to be dealt with as such than as a snorer. But, confining ourselves to minor offenses, the man who sits on a heap of papers, the man who is perpetually nagging at the club servants (usually the best class of the club, the world), the man who suggests the popular novel and others of the same kind—these are the men who strike at the roots of that good fellowship which, in theory at any rate, ought to prevail in a club.

"business one-third larger than one year ago"

all goods, marked in plain figures and sold for one price and for cash—this business is being conducted on the broadest and most liberal basis.

"largest cloak department in the city—sales equal to the combined sales of all the cloak houses in the city."



"business one-third larger than one year ago"

if you buy any goods in this house and feel dissatisfied with your purchase, bring them back in a good merchantable condition and get your money.

"the cloak department equal in sales to the combined sales of all the cloak houses in the city."

"113-115 north spring street."

a new thing in children's hats: best quality satin shirred brims, ruffled edges, velvet crowns with a nice bow on the top for 75c each; guaranteed value 90c; they come in cardinal and black, cream, navy blue, tan and brown, goblin and black—they are the handsomest line of hats we have ever offered, and the price being so low they will go with a rush—sale Monday at 9 o'clock.

"the employees"

In this house for the past six weeks have been taking their vacation; some went to "long beach," others to "santa monica" and "redlands," and some to "catalina," while others enjoyed mountain scenery and took in the great "bear valley," the placid waters, the magnificent and beautiful mountain scenery, the cool and embracing evenings and the beautiful moonlight—we go into a more extended description of "bear valley" and become a little more poetical in our description from the fact that there has been so much secrecy about this most beautiful place—it has been said that a great many people have been lost in "bear valley," and only a short time ago a party of several went out to have a good week's outing; they all got lost but one man; he didn't get lost, but the others got lost in trying to find him; he was all right—it seems they went into camp, and, as is customary in "bear valley," everybody goes fishing, and they generally start out with their pockets full of ham sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs, and in their hands they carry fish-lines and bait and a tin cup—one of the party got a little frisky and started out very early in the morning, and when a fellow gets up in "bear valley" he walks further than he thinks for; after a long, weary walk the young man came to a good place to fish, and he was soon catching them as fast as he could bait his hook; he got excited and jumped first one side of the stream and then on the other, and when he had all the fish he wanted he folded up his line and started for camp with his string of fish, but in some way he got started in the wrong direction, and this is how the other fellows all got lost—he was all right; he was in "bear valley" with a big string of fish, and if the other fellows would only find themselves he would come out all right because he wasn't lost—there is nothing fishy about this, for a man that has ever lived in canada knows there is only one place better than canadian waters to fish in and that is up in "bear valley"—evening was coming on; the sun had got behind the hills and it was getting cool, and the young man was getting hungry and lonesome; the very name of "bear valley" gave him the shudders, but he was bound to make the best of it until he found the other fellows who got lost from him; he sat down on a rock and put an old gunny sack over his head and shoulders and commenced to nibble away on his ham sandwich and hard-boiled eggs; his only companions were two wildcats and the tracks of an old bear—hour after hour he sat there in a loud voice "8 o'clock and all is well, 9 o'clock and all is well, 10 o'clock and all is well," finally he tumbled over and commenced to doze, and before he had got sound asleep the other fellows found their way to where he was; they fired off a salute to let him know they had found themselves after a weary search of hours—this young man has been very kind and considerate; he has never chirped about the other fellows being lost, in fact, he has been as downy as an oyster, but then we are selling more shoes than ever—in fact, the trade has been so large and we have all been so busy that there has been no time to tell bear stories—there is talk of his publishing a book entitled "how I found the other fellows in 'bear valley,' or how to tame a pair of wildcats by feeding them on ham sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs," the bear in mind we are closing out all shoes at prime factory cost—the shoe department has been moved to a lot of tables near the pattern counter—the shoe department has not been lost; they are all there.

knocking out prices in our big dress goods department— all-wool cretains, \$1.00; worth \$1.35—all-wool henriettas, 50c; worth 60c—all-wool bedford cord, 50c; worth 60c—all-wool serge, 60c and 65c per yard; all colors; not jobs but new desirable goods—gaining enormously in our dress goods department.

"the other day"

a lady with more than ordinary intelligence and good looks, went to the seashore for an outing; she was to be gone one week; she started out with a limit to time; she took along with her one very large trunk, two valises, one handbag, an umbrella, a parasol and her dog—in the trunk were several wardrobes, face powder, cosmetics and accessories enough to start a good-sized department in a store—she stopped at the best hotel and got angry the first thing with the proprietor for "no dogs allowed"—the best room was called for; they were all taken; he gave her the best he had; it was large enough for a bed and a hand-satchel; the trunk was put in the hall—she got a little madder; she took off her hat and slammed it on the bed and knocked it out of shape, and then she sat down and had a good cry, and when she got through she was in no condition to meet her friends at dinner, so she waited until after the dinner hour, got out her dress department, and made an effort to patch up her good looks—she was finally made presentable and went down to dinner; it was late and everything was served in a cold state, and soon the waiter got a blowing up; the proprietor came in for a share and the cook was given another going over—apologies would not do; everybody was to blame but herself, and all for the reason that she was crossed in the start—she got mad at first and determined to stay mad till the last, and when her vacation was ended she came home looking more like the color of an english walnut and felt meaner than a bear with a sore ear—the trouble was she didn't start right and her vacation was ruined—it would have been better if the lady had remained at home and attended our big cloak sale next Monday; she would have had the satisfaction of having a nice new cloak and could have gone calling a hundred times during the winter, and when it was all over she would have had an enjoyable time and a good cloak besides.

"a nice, nobby cloak for \$5.00—Monday at 9 o'clock..?"

extra fine purses..... 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00
leather hand bags..... 50c, 75c, \$1.00
fine purses..... 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00
card cases..... 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00
gold-plated pins..... 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00
ladies' hose..... 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c
extra quality ladies' jersey ribbed waist 50c; equal to any 75c in the city.
children's new hats..... 75c; actual value \$1.50
ladies' silk multi-embroidered..... 50c, 75c, 1.00
bath towels..... 50c, 75c, 1.00
best dollar line of all-wool dress goods in the market—all new.

"over 300 pieces"

new black all-wool dress goods to select from—all wool black goods, 50c, 60c, 65c, 75c, 85c and a dollar a yard—a few extra choice new things for \$1.25, \$1.35 and \$1.50—full and complete line of black silicilians from 25c up to the finest grades—gaining enormously in our dress goods department.
Monday at 9 o'clock 500 black sateen blouse waists, 50c each, worth \$1.50—Monday at 9 o'clock, on sale in our mammoth cloak room—our cloak room has been doubled in the past week—do your trading with a live house.
the cloaks that will be sold for \$5 Monday at 9 o'clock are all new—they are offered at this price as an advertisement for our mammoth cloak room—this room has been doubled in size during the past week, and we want everybody to come and see our great improvements—we will show you a line of cloaks that never had an equal in this country—live dollars each for the choice of fully 2000 garments.
gaining trade more rapidly than ever—hook kid gloves in all colors and sizes, Monday at 9 o'clock, \$1.00 a pair; soft, flexible, fine fitting, excellent wearing; they are worth \$1.50—Monday at 9 o'clock for one dollar.

100 pieces new dress trimmings, 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c—prices that catch the popular trade—new Russian band trimmings, cashmere effects, all at popular low prices.

"two departments in this house are receiving more than the usual amount of attention..?"

they are the two big departments in any dry goods house; the dress goods department is being pushed to the front—there is a power in advertising when it is done right; advertising to be effective must be made a matter of news; it must be original; it must be written so the people will hanker after it as much as a disappointed politician hankers after a crowd—people may dislike your advertising the same as a politician dislikes a crowd, but they look to it, shut their eyes and swallow it down—when a preacher gets up in the pulpit and gives some hard knocks to his congregation, and he points his finger first in one direction and then in another, every man and woman in the congregation thinks he is personal and winces under his sarcasm; it goes home—you take a minister today that is afraid to say his soul is his own and is afraid he will hurt some one's feelings, he should be taken out of the pulpit and put in a dime museum—"beecher" and "talmadge" made their name and fame by looking into present events; they never went back to new england hypocrisy for a text; they abhorred and ignored the teachings of the solemnities and held up the religion of the present in place of the religion of the past—education brings brighter ideas—the merchant of ten years ago would starve under the present system—ten years ago ten styles of cloaks were thought sufficient; today a thousand different styles will hardly supply the tastes—it is activity in business that brings the best returns—our mammoth cloak department double the size today—it was one week ago shows the wonderful power of advertising; it shows results are being obtained—today the cloak department is known all over this western country as the most active, the largest, the finest and the cheapest—people come from old mexico, from arizona and new mexico, to buy cloaks, that have read our advertisements—they know there must be merit or the people would rebel—the trade of this house is showing a tremendous increase—the dress goods department is climbing a notch higher every day; the cloak department is selling more cloaks than all the cloak houses combined; this is an acknowledged fact by everybody—our big second floor has more than doubled the business over one year ago—Monday's sale will again clinch another nail in the prosperity of this business—people will be here at our great \$5 cloak sale that will for the next year appreciate the bargains they will view on that day—this is another way to advertise and secure business; sell good goods at a reasonable price; job lots and odds and ends bring no trade; 5c sales are produced only by 5c houses; big sales show big sales and bring big crowds; 100 articles at 5c each will not draw enough people to add 100 extra dollars to the cash drawer; 200 cloaks at \$5 each means \$1000; 50c each on 200 cloaks makes more money than ten cloaks at \$5 each profit, and the people receive the benefit—it is large sales we are after, and it is larger trade we are receiving; it is our new way to catch the dress goods trade; you can see that by pricing the goods; samples given at all times for comparison; we are never too busy to give samples—broad-gauged, liberal ideas with the best force of salespeople in the city is bringing results that any house should feel proud of—visit our great dress goods department; visit our mammoth cloak department—goods will be shown freely whether you wish to purchase or not; money refunded on any and all goods not perfectly satisfactory—we not only want to catch trade, but we want to retain it—fairest and squarest place in the city to trade.

every boy's suit left in the house is offered at \$2.50 for choice; some worth as high as \$12, but they all go at \$2.50 for choice.

"a few more"

gents' bathing suits for "10c each..?"

they are nice to make over for children's underwear, and would be very cheap at 75c for the purpose—Monday at 9 o'clock.

a few pairs of men's shoes left in sizes 9, 9½, 10 and 10½—the choice will be sold for \$2.50 per pair; way under the original cost.
a lot of odds and ends in shoes; choice for a dollar a pair—closing out the shoe department.

"a lot of new"

things in our big millinery department just in—largest and finest millinery department in the city—millinery at less than the usual prices—we are showing a lot of new things for easily fall trade in hat ribbons and feathers—come in and glance over, the new things—we will have plenty to say in a short time about millinery—it will be mighty interesting.
gaining trade in the big dress goods department—we are showing all the new things and are cutting prices right and left.
the other day as the writer of this, with a fish line in his hand and with the hook at the bottom of the sea was holding on to a big stock of patience, he began to soliloquize, and the conclusion was reached after three hours of hard work that it was as easy for a camel to go through the eye of a needle as it was for a fishhook to get into the mouth of a fish, so we carefully folded up our line and sneaked home.

our dress goods department is showing more than double the quantity of new goods we have ever carried—we have a class of salespeople in this department who know how to treat people right—it is one of the progressive departments of the house—it is the largest department of the kind in the city today, and the trade is growing at a rapid rate.

"the great trotting"

record of nancy hanks has been the principal topic of conversation among the boys of the city, and they have been very much excited—over on boye heights they have been hitching each other up and have had their trotting matches—every boy has an idea he can outrun the other boy; the little fellows are usually chock full of conceit and it takes a good thing before they realize one. other boy is better than he is—the other day there was unusual excitement about a race in prospect and the boys all had their favorites; two of the quick boys were selected and good runners were given in charge as drivers; they had their rope bridges, and as it was to be a race for blood they put the reins around the boys' waists in place of in their mouths, and made them secure; each side had bet all the marbles they had on the result; they were driven back and forward to get them warmed; referees and starters were selected and everything was being done in ship-shape—the boys were full of excitement, and the yelling and jabbering was done up in regular boy fashion—this rather got the steeds nervous and excited, and they began to prance around like a couple of kentucky thoroughbreds; the drivers had all they could do to hold them in; they would squeal and kick and plunge ahead to show they had the true metal and wanted to go; the drivers would coax and threaten, but still they wanted to go—finally the word go was given and away they went; the boys were wild with excitement—the drivers and horses were keeping about even when one of the drivers stubbed his toe and fell headlong in the middle of the road; the horse was well trained and went ahead and was soon in the lead, as the driver of the other horse could hardly keep up his gait; to gain time the driverless horse took the cable-car track and was going at a great rate, when all of a sudden his reins fell down through the slot and got caught on the rope; he tried to unhitch himself, but the more he tried the less success—down the first street hill he was going at a 2:40 gate; on up over the viaduct you could see the two feet everlastingly making tracks for the city—the horse was yelling for some one to hold him; an old lady saw him coming and got in front to stop him; she was soon rolling around, pouncing rocks with her body; several men started up the track to catch the boy, but soon gave up the race—the big policeman at first street threw up his club and yelled, "no fast driving allowed," but the boy kept along at his usual pace with no time to think of anything else but his own body—around the curve at first and Broadway; the boy looked like a swan, he did the act so graceful—everybody in sight got excited, and before they had time to plan a rescue the boy was two blocks or more away and was going down Broadway like a fellow on roller skates; he was both long-legged and long-winded, and by the time he reached the curve at seventh and Broadway he began to show signs of exhaustion, and when he had reached the power-house, some of the boys had seen him coming and the ponderous machinery was soon stopped—the boy, or horse, whatever you may call him, was ready to stop; he was finally patched up and sent home on the cable car—there is one boy now in the city that has not the least particle of conceit about him, and when it comes to a horse race it makes him sicker to talk about it than it would for him to take a trip to catalina.

we offer a large lot of children's shoes at manufacturers first cost—gaining entirely out of the shoe business—the shoe department has been moved near the pattern counter, and are all on tables to be closed out cheap—reynolds broes, shoes at cost—there is no better shoe than reynolds broes.

"to introduce"

the new improvement in our mammoth cloak department, and to more thoroughly advertise this department we make a special sale of cloaks that will be without an equal in all this country—the goods are all new, bought for the fall trade, and cannot be matched elsewhere for double the money—this is no exaggeration; plain truth stated in a plain manner to draw and to hold trade—if you are interested it will pay you to look—this sale is for one day only, and it begins

"Monday morning at 9 o'clock..?"

100 jackets, 34 inches long, lap seams, high sleeves, seams all faced for \$5.00; brown mottled or checked material, medium weight, \$1.25; herring-bone weave, small checks and mottled, 34 inches long, elegantly made, three different shades, and the price for Monday will be \$5.00.
150 fur-trimmed reefers, seams all bound, black, rough material; Monday the price will be \$5.00—along buttons on one side and silk braids loops on the other; all have high sleeves and are unmatchable for the price.
storm serge jackets in medium weight, all-wool, double-breasted, high sleeves, full length, half satin lined, seams all bound; the price is \$5; black only.
light tan cloth blazers, all wool, silk cords and tassels, all have high shoulders, seams all bound—a new garment for \$5 each.
light tan mottled cloth, all-wool blazers, silk cords and tassels, high sleeves, full length; an elegant fitting garment for \$5.
black melton beaver reefer, fur facing around collar and down full length in front, seams all bound, well made and extra length for \$5; buttons on one side, silk loops on the other; none are jobs; they are all new goods, all bought for this fall trade—it is the first time they have been exhibited, and are all to be sold at a much higher price on any other day—this is a special sale for a special day to bring the cloak department more forcible to your notice—sale

"Monday morning at 9 o'clock..?"

and not before.

a new corset for 50c; another one for 75c; the royal Worcester for a dollar; perfect form fitting; all made in the best style—trade doubling up in the corset department.

"a great deal"

has been said in our advertisement about the mammoth cloak department—until today it stands out alone as the very largest and most prosperous in the city—the recent improvements made in this department will enable us to more forcibly impress the public with the magnitude of this department—it is not alone the largest in size, but more than double in sales—after pushing the cloak department to the top, we turn our attention to our big dress goods department—we believe in the power of advertising; not alone in the paper, but over our counters, and today we invite you to see the most complete dress goods stock to be found anywhere in this city—it is the intention to push this department to where it will stand alongside by side in the popularity with the big cloak department—dress goods must be sold right to gain trade—you never saw a greater growth anywhere equaling our present gain over a year ago—dress goods are sold right in this house, and besides you are treated right.

"all-wool henriettas,"

38 inches wide, 40 different colors, 55c per yard..?
—worth 85c.
all-wool bedford cord, 38 inches wide, 55c; worth an even dollar—no exaggeration, but facts—there is a reason for selling them at the prices.

a few men's shoes from 9 to 10½, choice for \$2.50—they are less than cost.
the cloak department has been doubled in size—come Monday to our big cloak sale.
hook kid gloves in all sizes, \$1 per pair; worth \$1.50—you get value at our special sales.



SOCIETY.

Society must have a Ward McAllister next season. Some one who shall be her recognized social leader before whose edicts all the Los Angeles Four Hundred shall bow. We are progressive in other things, and we must not be behind in this. With this conviction thoroughly in mind, the society editor last week gleaned the following interviews with leading society belles and beaux as to their choice of a leader. This is what they said:

"Give us Frank Hicks, by all means," echoed several voices in concert when the subject was broached, "he is so handsome and popular, and everybody likes him."

"Let us have Harry Latham," chorused a number of feminine voices. "He comes of such a distinguished old family, and we all like him; in fact, he's 'to the manner born.'" "Yes, and he is such an adept in setting the style of wearing whiskers," giggled a young beau.

"It's a pity that the 'Duke of Milpitas' isn't here," responded an old-timer who figured in society three or four years ago during the 'Duke's' reign; "but why not give us Walter Moore? He has exhibited such amazing facility in a political line, why not socially?"

"I say, let's have John Gaffney," exclaimed another. "He succeeds so well in leading the Irish, why not in leading the Germans?"

"I think I. H. Polk should be accorded that honor," observed another. "He is absolutely correct in dress and understands the graces of combination. He is a perfect Apollo in the tennis and full dress combination. In fact he is an absolute mentor of male attire."

"I vote for E. F. C. Klokke," exclaimed an enthusiast, "he can brew such a fine claret punch that he'd have all society with a jag on inside of a week."

"I say, give us Mayor Hazard, because he is such a high kicker," said a more facetious society man.

"I think Jim McAllister would make a fine McAllister because his ambitions point that way," suggested another.

"I think Rees of the City Council is the man for the office," said a wise-looking individual. "He already has the gold lace of the Governor's seal and it would only be enlarging the territory already under his scepter. He has fine musical and dramatic qualities, and is very popular with the young ladies."

"My mind is set on Col. Freeman G. Teed," remarked a decided-looking young lady. "He is an accomplished equestrian, an authority on dancing, and, best of all, he is entitled to wear the gold lace of the Governor's body guard, and you know we women dote on epaulettes and brass buttons."

"I think there's just one man for the place, and that's Dr. LeMoine Willis," said a pretty blond. "He already has social function would protect him, in a measure, from the importunities of the girls who fairly dog his footsteps now."

"Tom Lewis would be immense, but he'd have to give up the postoffice business and he might object," ventured another.

"Lieut. Baker would be the most fetching McAllister we could have," decisively announced a masculine social leader.

"I want Willie Childs," said a little feminine voice. "Why, he has dissected and studied Washington society till he is accepted as a final authority on the swagger thing to do in all Eastern cities."

"How would Charlie Ellis do?" suggested a thoughtful gentleman, after considering a few moments. "He is the organizer of the Ellis Club, which includes the acknowledged creme de la creme of male society; he is of distinguished appearance, and resides in the West End; of course that last requisite is imperative."

And now, society belles and beaux, what shall the verdict be among so many conflicting opinions? Who shall be your social Napoleon?

ing the conductor, said: "I want to get off at Fourth street."

"Well, madam, if you sit still long enough you'll get there," was the reply of the conductor.

"We girls people would not consider that civil. There the conductor listens respectfully and attentively to inquiries, answers politely and fully and touches his cap as he turns away. I think that must be one reason for the American habit of feeling when traveling abroad. They are so accustomed to rudeness on the part of officials at home that they expect to pay for civility."

One is just as well served in these little details however, whether he is or not. The railway corporations exact this deference to travelers from their employees. For a fee of 12 cents there a conductor or porter will do as much for the comfort of a passenger as a \$2 tip will procure him in this country."

SOCIAL APATHY.

It has been intolerably dull in local social circles during the past week, and the events of interest have been chronicled daily as they occurred so that merely a mention of arrivals and departures of summer flitters remains to be recorded, with brief announcements of coming or past mild dissipation.

Last Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Morrison entertained informally at their pretty home on Olive street a few friends who called to say farewell to Miss Annie Salmon, their guest and cousin, who leaves early this week for Santa Rosa.

Invitations are out for the annual white dress party of the Frank Bartlett W.R.C., at G.A.R. Hall, No. 819 South Spring street, next Tuesday evening.

A HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

Gen. A. J. Sampson and wife, two daughters and son-in-law, A. W. Chamberlain of Denver, constitute a happy party at the Westminster. This is the first time they have all met in nearly two years. Gen. Sampson is the United States Consul at San Francisco, Mexico, and has been for three years past. He and his wife have been on a visit to the Northwest while the others just arrived direct from Denver, expecting to remain in the city and vicinity for the next eight or ten months.

Mr. Chamberlain is well-known as one of the prominent business men of Denver.

SUMMER FLITTERS.

Misses Mabel and Ada Spofstad have returned from a pleasant outing at Catalina.

Miss Louise Soule and Miss Wedemeyer, accompanied by Mrs. N. W. Stowell, attended the tennis tournament at Santa Monica last week.

Miss Alice Stevens is being delightfully entertained by friends at Catalina Island.

Miss Sophie Schmidt of Berkeley is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank D. Owen, at No. 325 North Hill street.

Miss Helena Fleishman has returned from San Francisco and would be glad to receive her friends at her home, No. 815 West Sixth street.

Mrs. B. E. Renne has gone to Santa Ana on a visit for a few days.

Miss E. Julia Phillips and party have returned from a sojourn on Mt. Wilson.

While Mrs. Phil Phillips acted as maid of honor at the marriage of her sister, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Crawford and the Misses D. Dottle Broadwell and Lily Buckingham left yesterday for Catalina to spend a week or two.

Henry Fall and his sister, Miss Fall, both teachers in the Pomona schools, have been the guests of Mrs. M. E. Morse, of West Ninth street.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Mulford have returned from a sojourn on Catalina Island.

Mrs. Cummings of San Francisco is the guest of Mrs. C. M. Wells.

Miss Anna C. Murphy has gone North. She will visit the historical exhibit at the Sacramento fair and attend the annual meeting of the Woman's Press Association in San Francisco before returning.

Judge Widney's family returned early in the week from a month's stay at Long Beach.

Mrs. J. E. Plater has been called to San Francisco by the serious illness of her mother.

Niles Pease and family are located on the south beach at Santa Monica for the season.

Mme. Modjeska was entertained at Santa Monica before her departure East, by Messrs. Gorham, Hamilton and Lester.

Dagge accompanied by his daughter Berta, and Miss Emma Binger, left for Catalina yesterday for a week's outing.

A jolly party of young folks have just returned from Catalina where they have enjoyed a week's camping. The party consisted of: Misses Jeannette Kiger, Addie Crane, Grace Kingsley, Emma Houghawout, Ethel Moody; Messrs. Wallace, Eisenhart, Tom Kiger, Moody, Puller, John Kiger, Leon Conklin, Earl Kiger, Ray Moody, Joe Moody. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. J. R. Moody and Mrs. Zuber.

The Leader of the Mob.

The blustering, brutal wretch Lindsay, who filled the country around Coal Creek, Tenn., with terror, and who assumed and held leadership of the phlegmatic miners who developed into armed insurrectionists, when he fell into the hands of conservative laboring men proved a craven rascal. He had not the pluck of a chicken, begged for his life and promised to prove a traitor to his comrades.

He gave them up and prepared their way to the gallows and the prison, if only his miserable life was spared. Hanging was too good for such a poltroon, and he was sent to the local gallows and the scorn of the world. The insurrection was a wholly unjustifiable one; it was not prompted by mercifulness for the wretched fanned-out convicts, it was a massacre upon peace and good order that necessitated bloodshed; but compared with the cowardice and cringing physical fear of the supposed "terror" who led it, it was as white as day and as lovable as a babe. Budd Lindsay should be allowed to live, death would be too quick release for such a miserable creature.

A Matter of Accents.

Prof. Max Muller, in his "Lectures on the Science of Language," gives an amusing illustration of these modulations in the Ananistic language, a monosyllabic tongue spoken by the people of Tonga and Ochia China. In this language the syllable "ba," pronounced with a grave accent, means a lady, an ancestor. Pronounced with the sharp accent, it means the favorite of a king. Pronounced with the low accent, it means what is left of a fruit after the juice has been squeezed out. Pronounced with an accent, it means three. Pronounced with the ascending, or interrogation accent, it means a box on the ear. Thus "Ba ba ba" is said to mean, if properly pronounced, "Three ladies give a box on the ear to the favorite of the prince."

A journal published at Constantinople gives some particulars of the mercenary mines of Almaden, where about 3000 workmen are employed in this unhealthy industry. The production reaches \$5,000 to \$6,000 francs (100 francs each) per annum.



SOCIETY.

Alabama is a very dainty work, and played by competent actors, an attraction that will draw the playgoer once, but it has not sufficient vitality and movement to make one go and see it again and yet again as is the case where there is life and action—"the flashing blade, the bugle's stirring blast"—at the same time it affords some opportunities for character acting that were thoroughly taken advantage of by some of the members of Mr. Palmer's company which has just left its Holland's "Ex-Confederate" is truly a work of art, and the "Squire" as played by Mr. Harris is full of felicitous touches.

Yet the theme is a hackneyed one, the play being measurably covered by the pictures, which are exquisite. The moonlight and sunrise scenes are quite as handsome as anything in their way ever presented on our stage, and the quality of the acting and characters was generally very well done.

There is to be dark stages at both the playhouses until September 7, when that charming play, *Sol Smith Russell, comes in Peaceful Valley*, a play in which he has had a tremendous success. Mr. Russell is every inch an artist, and as he is a pronounced favorite with local theatergoers, will doubtless be given a warm welcome.

BURKE LIONS.

Somebody ought to dramatize the position of Mrs. Burke.

Henry's *Times* Star cleared \$42,000 for Hoyt and Thomas last year.

Victorian Sardou has written a new play—*La Belle Americaine*—for Charles Frohman.

Her Gracious Majesty Queen Vic has conferred knighthood on Joseph Barnby, the composer.

Manager Johnson of the Grand Opera-house is in New York looking up attractions for the coming season.

The Comedie Francaise is soon to bring out a new play by Alexander Dumas called *La Route de Thebes*.

It cost \$26,000 to put *The White Squadron* on the stage at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York.

Settled Out of Court is boomed as being "better than *Jonas*." It could be all that and still not be enough to hurt.

Lillian Russell is back in New York with thirty additional pounds of averdupois acquired by her trip across the bay.

Manie Tittell, a California girl, has made a great hit as "the drooliest of drool Irish servant girls," in *Settled Out of Court*.

Sarasate, the violinist, has received the cross of the Legion of Honor, and the native-born violinist, who has been in Spain, was en route for the fiddler's honor.

Yon Yonson is now on his second trip to the Pacific coast. The "standing room" is nightly displayed in front of the theater where it is being presented.

J. K. Murray and Clara Lane, who have been touring the Pacific coast, are going to start in *Glendogham*, an Irish play by Edmund Gurney.

Cigarette is the name which Warham St. Leger, the author, and J. Haydn Parry, the composer, have given to a comic opera recently completed to be done in England.

Salvini and company will shortly start on a Western tour, playing Louisville, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles and San Francisco; the reason for this is that they will be probably via the Northern Pacific.

The new nautical drama, *The White Squadron*, is a great big New York success, which, however, gives no assurance that the play is any better than the many ordinary ones that reach out with that sort of an indorsement.

Col. Henry Mapleson has engaged Phillips-Tomes for tenor, Arthur Seaton, late of the D'Oyley Carte Opera Company, for baritone, and Miss Sophia Shiffman for contralto. Sig Tomasi, who has for seven years been the conductor of the Emma Abbot Opera Company, will be the conductor.

One of the funny things of the season will be a play written about the likeness of two young men, one of whom has never been on the stage, while the other has only played small parts. They have the needful to make a start with and also a wild, rambling play, and will bill themselves as stars.

While in London Salvini was banqueting by Henry and Clara Lane, was the guest of Mme. Patti for a few days at her Craig's-Nos castle, spent a week with the elder Salvini at his villa on the hills of Fiesole near Florence, and in Paris was entertained by Coquelin of the Comedie Francaise.

The New York papers have it that Harry Wyatt will not remain in charge of the Los Angeles Theater under Mr. Perry's ownership. We are advised that any statement of that kind is unauthorized, and that the general manager on Spring street is likely to continue to light up that portion of the town with his smile just the same as of yore. He is still booking attractions for his house, which does not look as though a change was contemplated.

It is said that after this season "Spoke" Hennessey, the converted burglar, who "cracks" a safe at each performance of *The Showman*, will be seen no more on the stage. A number of prominent evangelists with whom he has had many consultations have prevailed upon him to make a tour of the country and address revival gatherings, giving his experience as a burglar and telling how he became converted.

The two Samuels, Jones and Small, may look to their laurels.

A most interesting Passion Play is produced at Stieldorf, near Rolandseck, on the Rhine. Stieldorf is out of the beaten track of travelers, and nearly all the visitors who flock there on the days the sacred tragedy is presented are country people from neighboring villages, so that, as yet, the absolute simplicity and seriousness of the performance is unspiced. Twelve years ago Herr Michael Weyer, the owner of a small estate at Stieldorf, witnessed the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and came home filled with the idea of producing a similar play in his own village. For nine years he worked hard to make the idea a reality. First

he wrote the tragedy, modeling it on the lines of the one at Oberammergau, but modifying it to suit the ideas and customs of his countrymen, and expressing it in their dialect, so as to appeal directly to the Rhineish ear, mind and heart. Then he had to pick out his actors, who had no notion of acting, as most of whom had never seen a theater in their lives, and to teach and train them. All this took nine years.

The degradation of the stage will be emphasized during the season by the advent of four "sluggers." The Queensberry actors who have become stars with their bunch of fives, and who will grace before the footlights are, Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan, who will appear in *Capt. Harcourt* after he, has tried conclusions with Mr. "Jim" Corbett; Mr. "Jim" Corbett in a new play called *Gentleman Jack*, whether he is knocked out or not; Mr. "Doc" Fitzsimmons, who also has a new play in which he is to shoe a horse "in full view," and finally, as a striking apothecia, Mr. George Dixon, a colored gentleman, who will "do" variety and be supported by white company.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

"Music resembles poetry; in each are numerous graces which no methods teach. And which a master hand alone can reach."

Not a concert or an opera has been the boards during the past week. The series of summer recitals and musicals seems to have reached a triumphant finale in the late concert a week ago and now musicians will take their vacation as well as ministers, society people and other professionals.

This evening there will be a sacred concert at Simpson Church, with Miss Grace Millmore, Miss Lizzie Kimball, Mrs. F. P. Scarborough, Miss Maud Cullen, Mrs. Carlisle, Messrs. F. W. Wallace and J. P. Dupuy as soloists. A large chorus will assist and the instrumental part of the programme will be a feature of the concert.

The choir announce their farewell service at Simpson Church on Sunday evening September 28, and the direction of Prof. O. Stewart Taylor. A chorus of fifty voices will assist and excellent local talent has been engaged for the occasion.

PERSONAL PROFILES.

Miss Nellie E. Boynton is recruiting at the Hotel Metropole, Avalon.

Mrs. J. D. Hooker and Mrs. Jirah D. Cole still tarry at the lovely Montecito, but are expected back this week.

SHARPS AND FLATS.

William H. Sherwood is giving an extended series of recitals at Chautauqua.

Miss Neely Stevens gave eighty-five recitals during the past season.

Verona is making a comparison for the Columbus celebration at Genoa this autumn.

The lady who wrote the song, "In the Gloaming," made \$8000 out of it.

It is arranged that that Parsi waki will come to San Francisco in the middle of November and give three concerts, the price of tickets ranging from \$2 to \$2.50. "He is no longer the human chrysanthemum," says the Musical Courier, "he is a most rabid instigator, for all this is said to be caused by the suicidal policy adopted this year by the widow of the great composer. Frau Wagner has refused to permit the performance of her husband's music during the Columbian Exposition."

Quide Musin, the celebrated violinist, is making a great hit and is doing a splendid business in Australia. He will return on the steamship Alameda, which is due in San Francisco, October 8.

SERENOS.

"Ah yes," said Aunt Sally, "Jennie's a great singer; someday she'll be a regular belladonna."

"Have you heard?" said Simpson since she came from Europe. "Several times." "Do you think she has improved?" "Very much." "In what particular?" "She doesn't sing as much as she used to."

On one occasion Bishop Wilberforce was at an evening party, when a lady sang a song very badly. "That is a difficult song," remarked some one to the bishop. "Difficult?" Was the reply; "would it were impossible."

JAPANESE IN MEXICO.

Large colonies of them established on the Pacific Coast.

"Are you aware that a large Japanese population is beginning to settle on the Pacific Coast, in Mexico?" asked N. F. Cortright, of the City of Mexico City, at the Grand Pacific. Mr. Cortright is in the city in connection with a large railroad scheme, in which several Chicago capitalists are interested. He is the building of the harbors and officer in the English army, and, curiously enough, fought for three years in the civil war under the Confederate flag.

"Yes," he went on, "a large body of Japanese is about to settle upon some of the fertile land in which the republic abounds. For the last two months an advance guard has been visiting every leading port on the coast for the purpose of selecting settlements. A. O. Jones, a well-known man in Mexico, has acted as their guide. They have plenty of capital at their command and will receive every assistance from the government. As the Japanese are coming to the Pacific coast, they are going to President Diaz, who, by the way, has done more for the republic than any of his predecessors, is a judge of men, and he does not want the Chinese, whom he regards as unfit to work among white men."

"Altogether the progress of Mexico of late has been marvelous. Among the latest improvements is the experiment to grow tea upon the Pacific Coast. This is every prospect that it will be a success, though as yet there has not been time to test the result. The extension of railways, however, is the most remarkable thing of all, and next to this is the building of the harbors and jetties. The government, for example, is about to construct jetties like those at the mouth of the Mississippi. This is only the beginning of the way in which Mexico is forging ahead. I am sorry to see that Germany and England are gradually stealing away America's trade."

Political Maxims.

Pulpits ain't built for politicians. Penmanship ain't always patriotism. A pull in politics comes handy sometimes.

Ded statesmen air the only kind without fences to fix.

A man owes the Nation something more than his taxes.

Some patriots think their country ought to die for them.

An adjourned Congress is money in the Nation's pocket.

It's a mighty poor appropriation that ain't got a Sunday in it.

Politicians is not just as often as they air for sale.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Lad and the Mermaid.

[Puck.]

At the silvery edge of a summer sea, her tall in the water waves at play, A mermaid fair from her salt sea lair, sat cooing her hair one day: And, as she cooed, she spied a youth—a youth of medium size, Whose freedom from guile made the mermaid smile, as she smote him with her eyes.

II.

Come hither, good youth, come back awhile in the sunlight of my smile, And I'll sing you a song, twelve verses long, In my best subaqueous style; A song of my home down there in the sea, a mile beneath the waves, And the gems serene that the ocean green is reputed to bear in its caves.

III.

Then she sang to the youth, in a flowing voice, of life on the ocean's floor, How fast sped the time in that watery clime, far from the billows' roar; And when she felt her victim was fast in the mazes of her charm, She said: "Come with me, to the depths of the sea," and coaxingly grasped his arm.

IV.

But it happened this youth knew well the plan of Neptune's scaly daughter, He knew the guile there is in the smile of a mermaid out of water; He cast about her a herring net—"Excuse me, marm," said he; "You could make it go with some folks I know, but your tale is too fishy for me."

V.

"I may be a yop of several kinds, and like-wise a yotel green," Continued the lad, in a tone that was glad, as he hastened away from the scene; "But I'll sing you a song, twelve verses long, In my best subaqueous style; A song of my home down there in the sea, a mile beneath the waves, And the gems serene that the ocean green is reputed to bear in its caves."

VI.

Alack! for the mermaid rash, her scales are rapidly growing dim; The hot dry air takes the curl from her hair; she's no longer in the swim; But day by day, in a side-show tent, she's now to be seen, instead, Where she sings her song to the surging throng at shillings two per head.

California.

There is a land of every land the pride, Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;—[James Montgomery.]

Where smiling spring its earliest 'riest clad, And parting summer's lingering bloom delay'd.—[Oscar Goldsmith.]

Blossoms and fruits at once the trees adorn, With glowing blushes like the rosy morn.—[James Thompson.]

Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine, And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine.—[Alexander Pope.]

A soothing calm on every breast is borne, And softer sighs the linnet from the thorn;—[John Leyden.]

And caught the fragrance which the sunny dowers, Fed by the streams with soft perpetual showers.—[William Wordsworth.]

The waving verdure rolls along the plain, To welcome back its playful mate again;—[James G. Perceval.]

By these fair plains the mountain circle screens, And feed the streamlets from its dark ravines.—[Oscar W. Holmes.]

And when the moon with softer radiance gleams, And lovelier heave the billows in her beams,—[Robert Southey.]

Is it not lovely—tell me where dost dwell The power that wrought so beautiful a spell.—[Richard H. Dana.]

The Clever.

Some sing of the lily and daisy and rose, And the pansies and pinks that the summer time throws In the green, grassy lap of the meadow that lies Blunkin' up at the skies through the sun-shiny daisies;

But what is the lily and all of the rest Of the flowers to a man with a heart in his breast That is dipped brimmin' full of the honey and dew Of the sweet clover blossoms his boyhood knew?

I never set heavy on a clover field now, Or footed round on a clover climb in now, But my childhood comes back just as clear and as plain As the smell of the clover I'm sniffin' again; And I wander away in a barefooted dream, Where I tangled my toes in the blossoms that gleam.

With the dew of the dawn of the morning of love, Ere it wept o'er the graves that I am weeping above.

And so I love clover—it seems like a part Of the sacredst sorrows, and joys of my heart; And whenever it blossoms, oh, then let me bow And thank the good God as I am thankin' Him now!

And pray to Him still for the strength of my love, To go to Him closer and tell it good-by, And lovingly nestle my face in its bloom While my soul slips away on a breath of perfume.

—[James Whitcomb Riley in Newark Evening News.]

August.

Sing low, brown bee, to the August lilies, Nor wake the fields from their soft repose, For the sweetest employment of harvest home, That looks to thee where the river flows!

Swing, brown bee, from the purple orchard And in its meshes still hide from view, O tiding river, full many a lover Her fringed lashes today shall woo!

Not loudly, bird, shalt thou tell thy story, My goldfinch, clad in the shining dress; For August wears a crown of glory, Has crowned the year with her loveliness.

Sweep slowly, river, the wayward fancies Are changed today to a richer tone, For the siren song of the hour entrances The drowsy air of the summer morn.

Soft are the notes that the winds are playing, The day's not pulse beats a rhythmic song, As the whole earth waits in a sweet delaying, The harvest blessing pronounced ere long.

They have bowed their heads for the bene-diction, And the songs of earth are an undertone, The golden fields with their rich fruition—Are set forth in harvest home.

—[John Hart Woodworth in Boston Journal.]

Tomorrow.

There are some things I am going to do to-morrow, That are more convenient for me than to-day, For it suits my comfort better not to borrow, Trouble that can just as well be put away.

As, for instance, to dispense with some bad habits That unconsciously attach themselves to me, Like the colonies of bad Australian rabbits That we read of in the land across